MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 1 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

Canada Recruits The Man Who Won The War

Will Women Ever Run The Country?
By Charlotte Whitton

EDITORIAL

A SOUR NOTE IN THE SYMPHONY

IN FIGHTING Communism from within Canada has been commendably wary of the booby traps of thought-control. We pride ourselves in the assurance that our public servants need live in terror of no Senator McCarthys. We have conferred on no supra-legal agency the power to ruin a writer, a teacher or an entertainer merely, as an American publication called Red Channels often succeeds in doing, by putting his name on an index. We have retained the right to challenge each other's politics, social attitudes and actions within the law; but the person so challenged has not lost the right to defend himself within the law. We have tried to stick to the principle that when a public man or a private citizen finds his career in jeopardy through suspicion, he is entitled to hear a specific charge, to know who's making it, and to listen to the evidence in its support.

Maclean's knows of only one case in which any of our government agencies might be accused of failing to abide by these standards. A worker at the A. V. Roe jet-plane factory was ordered removed from a classified job by Ottawa and despite his persistent attempts to obtain a satisfactory explanation, none has been forthcoming. Our view is that one such case is one too many; on the other hand it must be conceded that if such procedures can ever be justified in peacetime, their application to secret defense work is at least a mitigating circumstance.

No such special circumstances surround the recent dismissal by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra of six musicians who were refused permission by the U. S. Immigration Department to cross the border for an engagement in Detroit. Until this permission was refused, the Toronto orchestra was fully satisfied with the musicianship of the six members in question. It was, by its own admission, indifferent to their politics. Neither of these attitudes was affected by the decision of the U. S. Immigration Department. Nor, in fact, could it have been; for the U. S. Immigration Department does not feel obliged to explain its decisions and in this instance there was no explanation.

The six musicians were dismissed for the sole and simple reason that the Toronto orchestra has been planning a number of other appearances in the United States and doesn't feel it can leave six members behind and still give adequate performances. This reasoning was eminently practical, eminently sensible and eminently cold-blooded. It means that it is possible for a Canadian to lose his job in Canada through a completely unexplained administrative ruling of a foreign government; and that it is possible for this to happen without the Canadian's employer either lifting a finger in his defense or showing the slightest curiosity about the nature of his transgressions.

We do not question the right of the United States to close its borders to anyone for its own public or private reasons. We do not question the right of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra to hire and fire whom it will. But the arbitrary sentence on the unspecified charge is a standard device of thought-control and its dismal running-mate, guilt-by-association, and it is profoundly disquieting to find a great Canadian cultural institution running in such incongruous company.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

ROGER LEMELIN, born in the St. Sauveur district of Quebec City, didn't attend Laval University, about which he writes with a keen native insight on page 10. In fact, he had to start earning a living when he was fifteen. But that living turned out to be writing, in addition to managing a lumber yard, and the success of his three Quebec best sellers has since got him into Laval several times. He is also the youngest member ever elected to the Royal Society of Canada . . . **Charlotte Whitton**, Mayor of Ottawa, often finds herself on page one, as during her recent tiff with Toronto's **Mayor Lamport** (his story was told in the last issue). This issue Charlotte is on page 16 asking, Will Women Ever Run The Country? . . . Years of hacking at his strong black bristle sent **Bob Collins** in desperation to find out if there wasn't an easier way of getting along with society—the article on page 14 is the result. Bob decided to try his own advice about soaking the whisker in water for ten minutes before shaving. Now he wants some advice on how to eat his bacon-and-egg on the streetcar . . . The jam-making cover on this issue has special significance to artist **Oscar Cahen.** He has never quite got used to passing on his spoon-licking privileges to his small son Michael, who, in turn, has no intention of yielding a single lick.

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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*

THE PURPOSE OF PAGEANTRY

THIS MORNING, arrayed in morning coat, striped trousers and a grey topper, I made my way to the Horse Guards' Parade and took my seat in one of the especially erected stands. The occasion was the annual Trooping the Colour (not Colours) by the Brigade of Guards, and on such an occasion London pretty well knocks off work.

It was a summer's day of sheer perfection, with only a few wisps of cloud. On the great historic parade ground stood the regiments of the Guards in their red tunics and huge bearskins. It was their day and they were ready for it.

But there was the Household Cavalry as well, in their gleaming breastplates, standing against the background of the lush green trees and the shining lake of St. James's Park. As a contrast the massive bomb-proof stone walls made the adjoining Admiralty Building look like a beleaguered medieval fortress.

From the Mall came the cheers of the crowd and the playing of the National Anthem, as the procession made its way. In the first carriage was the Queen Mother with Princess Margaret, and it was good to see the Queen Mother smiling again. In the second carriage was the Duchess of Kent with an escort.

And then, riding side-saddle, came the Queen, wearing the tunic of the Grenadier Guards—she is their colonel-in-chief—and a hunting skirt. Her horse, which belongs to the mounted police, is named Winston and we were all hoping the animal would conduct himself with a gentleness and a decorum not always associated with his political namesake. I am glad to report the four-legged Winston behaved perfectly.

The Guards' colonel-in-chief mounted on steady Winston.

So, as the Queen sat on her horse, the regiments wheeled and marched to the music of the massed bands and to the hoarse commands of officers who sounded like tortured souls in Hades. The whole thing was done with a perfection of precision no theatrical spectacle could emulate. Once again the English were demonstrating that when it comes to pageantry there has been nothing to equal them since the days of ancient Rome.

The logical mind might ask what all this parading and manoeuvring has to do with modern warfare. What meaning today have these redcoats and ridiculous bearskins? And, for that matter, of what service could these massed bands be with their brassy pomp?

Perhaps the answer might be found in the Guards' Memorial silhouetted against the trees of St. James's Park. On the base of that memorial stand the figures of four Guardsmen in service uniform, and on the monument are the names of the battles where in two world wars Guardsmen fought and died. The logical mind could protest that other men with no military background and in units of no special lineage whatever also fought bravely and died. Of course that is true, but it does not alter the special *mystique* of the Household Brigade.

Let me tell of an incident that happened in 1941 when the British and Commonwealth forces were driven back into Tobruk, completely cut off by Rommel's troops and the Italians. The commander of the beleaguered troops was a South African and he took the view that since organized resistance or escape was impossible he would surrender to avoid unnecessary slaughter. Accordingly he issued orders to the commanders of the different units to destroy their arms and transport and prepare to surrender.

One of the officers to receive this instruction was a colonel commanding a battalion of the Coldstream Guards. With the utmost courtesy and promptness he sent to the commander a message: "I have carefully studied Army Regulations *Continued on page 45*

BLAIR FRASER'S

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

The Grits Get Stuck With a Fork

LOOKING back at the first half of 1952 it seems a quiet uneventful year. No visible snag projects from the calm stagnant waters of Ottawa's political pond. The session was tedious but amicable and already few people can remember anything much it did.

Yet 1952 brought Liberal morale lower than it had been since the war. It would be too much to say the average Grit expects to lose the next election (he certainly doesn't) but at least the idea has crossed his mind. As one backbencher remarked on the morrow of the British Columbia debacle, "It looks as if our sentence to this salt mine might be paroled."

That was before the Quebec election, but Quebec provincial elections needn't mean much one way or the other. Win lose or draw against Maurice Duplessis, the Liberals know that Louis St. Laurent can hold Quebec in a federal contest. Saskatchewan, British Columbia, and four out of six federal by-elections are a different matter.

* * *

EVEN before the by-elections in May some Liberals were beginning to feel a draught. One of them, having pointed to the fact that a Gallup Poll in April showed Liberals still with forty-eight percent of the vote against the Progressive Conservatives' thirty percent added: "Of course, that poll was taken before the budget."

It's an irony of fate that the budget should have started the decline in Liberal spirits. Few taxpayers really expected any change—and if they had, the Prime Minister himself warned them two months before that they needn't. If the budget speech hadn't made that flat announcement of a six percent tax cut the new rates wouldn't have caused a ripple.

All Doug Abbott needed was a paragraph explaining that this so-called cut was a reduction of the current *rate* of taxation, but that total taxes for the calendar year 1952 would be a little higher than those for calendar 1951. And the final irony is that he did put in such a paragraph but nobody knew it.

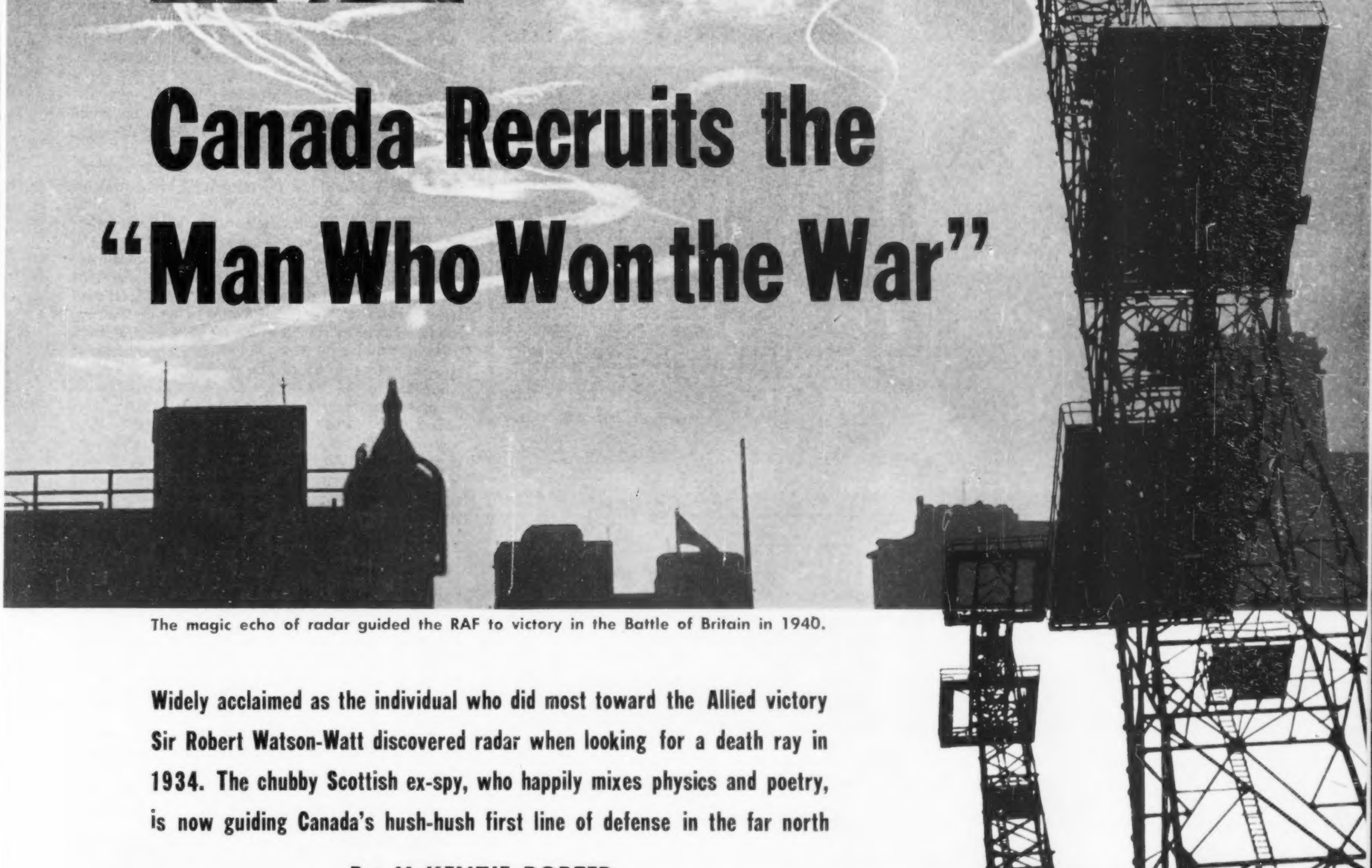
On budget night, for the convenience of reporters, a "sealed room" is set up in the Parliament Buildings. It operates like a minnow trap. Newsmen can get in and get a copy of the budget speech to study, but they are not allowed out again until the Minister of Finance starts to read the speech in the House and thus releases it for publication.

This year, at least two hours before Abbott got up to speak, irate reporters were telling Finance Department officials that the so-called tax cut was a phony. Several of us had just finished making out our own income-tax returns for 1951 and noticed that the 1952 totals were higher. For the first time it dawned upon the bureaucrats that the speech might be considered misleading by some people. They rushed out to warn the Minister and advise him to put in a clarifying paragraph. He did.

But nobody in the Press Gallery was paying any attention. Reporters, still bristling, were all batting out overnight stories based on the original mimeographed text, and strongly implying that the Minister of Finance had tried to fool the public into thinking *Continued on page 38*

Cartoon by Grassick

Watson-Watt, 60, son of a poor carpenter, was greatest of the war's back-room boys.



Canada Recruits the "Man Who Won the War"

The magic echo of radar guided the RAF to victory in the Battle of Britain in 1940.

Widely acclaimed as the individual who did most toward the Allied victory Sir Robert Watson-Watt discovered radar when looking for a death ray in 1934. The chubby Scottish ex-spy, who happily mixes physics and poetry, is now guiding Canada's hush-hush first line of defense in the far north

By McKENZIE PORTER

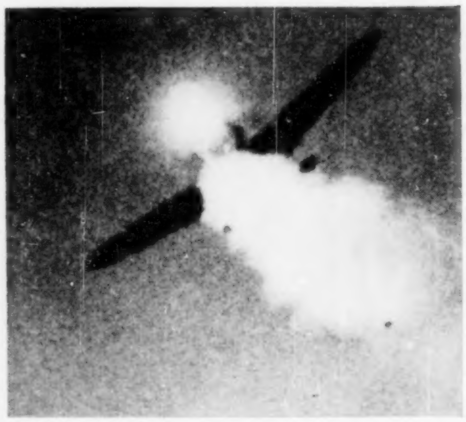
LAST APRIL the Canadian Defense Research Board, which keeps the armed services up to date in weapons, signed on a cheery chubby Scottish knight who embodies the oddly assorted qualities of scientist, spy and dilettante and has been widely credited with the biggest individual contribution to the Allied victory in World War Two.

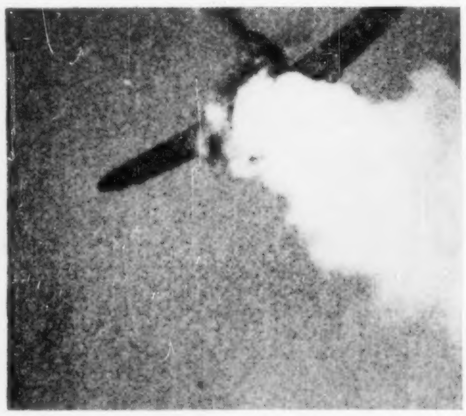
His name is Sir Robert Alexander Watson-Watt. His job is to advise Brooke Claxton, Minister of Defense, on how northern Canada can best be studded with radar stations capable of spotting hostile aircraft and guided missiles approaching over the roof of the world from Asia. His qualifications, at sixty, are matchless. His background is dramatic and picturesque.

Just before Christmas last year a British Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors, after listening to forty-four days of evidence, decided Sir Robert Watson-Watt is the indisputable creator of radar, that miraculous electronic eye which won the Battle of Britain, forced Hitler to abandon his plans to invade the United Kingdom, entangled the Wehrmacht in hostilities on two fronts and thereby made certain the ultimate defeat of Germany.

Although he had been knighted for his timely discovery as far back as 1942, the Royal Commission added to his laurels a gift of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the public funds. The sum was a mere crumb compared with the millions Watson-Watt would have netted from royalties had radar been invented and exploited under normal commercial conditions. But it was born in the anxious Thirties under a cloak, in a cellar with guards at the stairs. *Continued next page*

RADAR: "THE GREATEST INVENTION SINCE GUNPOWDER"





Still "Mr." Watson-Watt in 1941, he was seeing his dreams come true. The RAF, thankful for his vital help in Luftwaffe kills (above, right), had already dubbed him Little Sir Echo.

Much of Watson-Watt's story still lies locked in the security archives of Britain, Canada and the United States. Part of it inspired a thrilling British movie called The Small Back Room. Maclean's here presents more of that story than has ever been told before.

Of all the Boffins—the British fighting man's affectionate term for the geniuses who gave him new weapons—Watson-Watt, son of a poor Scottish carpenter, was the greatest. Because radar is based on the principle of rebounding radio impulses the RAF fondly nicknamed him Little Sir Echo.

In 1934, when the belligerence of Hitler was beginning to make Europe uneasy and scientists all over the world were walling themselves up, Watson-Watt, with a handful of disciples, set out to invent a death ray. He failed. But by 1935 he had produced the first radar set as "the next best thing."

Six years later, in the Battle of Britain, he had the satisfaction of seeing the mighty Luftwaffe dash itself to pieces against the guns of a few Spitfire pilots who had the advantage of being guided to their quarry by radar.

Radar has been described as "the greatest military revolution since the invention of gun powder," "the greatest innovation in naval warfare since steam supplanted sail," and "the greatest step forward in aviation since the introduction of the internal combustion engine."

Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park, who commanded wartime fighter defenses in Britain, the Middle East, Malta and the Far East, has written: "Radar was the biggest single factor contributing to the success of our air operations." The late Sir Stafford Cripps once said: "Radar is the only invention without which the war would, in all human probability, have been lost."

Roughly speaking, radar throws out a radio pulse which, on coming in contact with a solid object ahead, bounces back and records the distance, height and character of that object on a screen. Sir Robert, who lightly attributes his invention to "approximate arithmetic and armchair audacity" defines it as "the instantaneous visual target position finder."

Although he is a plump, apple-cheeked, twinkly-eyed little introvert, who has "never had any healthy taste for exercise," and who loves luxury, flowers and the arts even more than the intellectual stresses of the laboratory, Watson-Watt is possessed of impressive physical and moral courage.

Shortly before September 3, 1939, he risked a Nazi firing squad by going to Germany as a spy to test the validity of British Secret Service suspicions that Hitler was developing a radar net of his own.

During the first year of the war he steeled himself against vertigo scores of times and shinned up high swaying masts to make sure the electronic "sentries" at the top were maintaining proper vigilance.

When pieces of captured British equipment and the treachery of French scientists finally enabled the Germans to copy radar Watson-Watt was prepared if necessary to cross the Channel with a troop of Commandos to "inspect" its efficiency.

Like many other inventors he had to drive his ideas through the fortifications of a deeply entrenched, prejudiced and dilatory British bureaucracy. "I have toiled with great comrades," he says, "and I have wrestled with preventive men."

Ever since the end of the war he has been a major force behind the awesome improvements and extensions to radar in both Western Europe and North America. Today he constitutes the fulcrum of Canada's frontline defenses against possible attack from Russia. His electronics consulting company, Adalia Limited, named after the Gulf of Adalia, his favorite view in the Mediterranean, has Sheraton period furniture in its London office, modern style in its New York office and French colonial type in its Montreal office. The clients of the company range from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to the J. Arthur Rank movie outfit in Britain, which seeks guidance on theatre television experiments.

Watson-Watt flits between London, Paris, Washington and Ottawa with no more ado than a traveling salesman. He first crossed the Atlantic in 1941, two days after Pearl Harbor, to help the shocked and bewildered U. S. government replace its obsolete coastal warning systems. Since then, by sea and air, he has made the trans-ocean journey about one hundred times.

Lady Watson-Watt, whom he married during World War One, still occupies their pretty little house in Richmond, Surrey, on the outskirts of London. Sir Robert, if he can be said to have any base at all, uses a suite in Montreal's plush Ritz-Carlton hotel. They have no children, or, as Watson-Watt would have called them, "micro-watts."

In odd moments Watson-Watt writes bits of poetry, admires paintings by Matisse and Picasso, listens to Stravinsky, reads James Joyce and, in those somewhat precise tones known as "the cultured Edinburgh accent," talks more fondly of the moderns than the classics in art.

"I love the coolly perceptive awareness of Arnold Bennett, the hotly autobiographical awareness of D. H. Lawrence, the tenderly personal awareness of Robert Burns." He speaks nostalgically of Jeritza singing in Vienna, Tristan and Isolde at the Metropolitan in New York, and "Bartok trying to say with a piano more than any piano can say."

Somewhere between the scientist and the sybarite in him lies the sentimentalist. A few years ago he took a cathode-ray oscillograph, the fundamental component of radar and television, to an English orphanage Christmas party. He was billed as "Radar Robert and his Magic Bottle," and he brought the house down with a comedy act in electronics. Unlike most scientists he has no antipathy to the layman's simplification of scientific terms by "vulgar metaphor." Cathode-ray oscillograph or Magic Bottle—it's all the same to him.

There is a warmth in his personality, a touching wistfulness, a hint of things missed in his upward slog from obscurity. Just after the war, in a philosophical series of BBC talks entitled, In My

A MACLEAN'S BONUS-LENGTH FEATURE

Experience, he told his radio audience: "My greatest regret is that I didn't realize sooner how much I wanted to dance the tango and the samba really well. And now there are five feet six inches, fifty-six years and one hundred and seventy pounds and no fool like an old fool."

He considers his Canadian radar appointment of top strategic priority and admits, "It will be much tougher in Canada than it was in Britain." Instead of the compact defenses set up around the British coast there must be devised a radar network to scan thousands of miles of uninhabited bush, muskeg, rock and ice extending to the North Pole. He believes that "Here is the country which forms and must at least maintain the northwest frontier of our civilization . . . Canada is a key area in primary defense in the air age . . . Here is the place where any advice on electronics I have to offer is most likely to be of early use."

Unfortunately for the curious he adds: "There is little one can say publicly about the details. But we may look at what radar did in the past and learn some lessons."

It is impossible to follow the birth of radar without going back to its inventor's youth. Bessie Mitchell, the teacher of Standard Six, the highest class at Damacre Road Board School, Brechin—a small rope, linen, whisky and paper town in Angus, central Scotland—stoutly defended twelve-year-old Robert Watson-Watt, the youngest son of a local carpenter, as "a lad o' pairts," and she made a pet of him in spite of the fact that others dubbed him a "feckless loon."

Early in life this dreamy cherubic pupil had set his schoolfellows muttering darkly by uttering the heresy that he didn't like football. He troubled the school inspectors by his enthusiasm for new subjects and utter boredom with the old ones, and by the weird catholicity of his taste in adult literature from the public library.

But in these traits the enlightened Bessie saw the glimmer of genius. It is exciting to think that Bessie Mitchell, now a spry old woman who follows Watson-Watt's career with voluble pride, helped to prepare Hitler's downfall when he too was a schoolboy of similar age in distant Austria.

After young Robert had written a remarkably learned essay on a new marvel called radium she saved him from becoming a carpenter by flouncing into his parents' home, pointing out that three older brothers were working, and explaining that with the help of bursaries the Watson-Watts might achieve the ambition of most Scots families and give at least one of their progeny a university education.

Instead of becoming a woodworker's apprentice at thirteen, Watson-Watt became a scholarship boy at Brechin High School. He loathed Latin and Greek but excelled in the living tongues. At sixteen, for holiday reading, he chose *Les Cent Meilleurs Poèmes* and *Die Hundert Besten Gedichte* and finished them during six weeks' life alone in a tent among the glowering Grampians, a range of Scottish mountains.

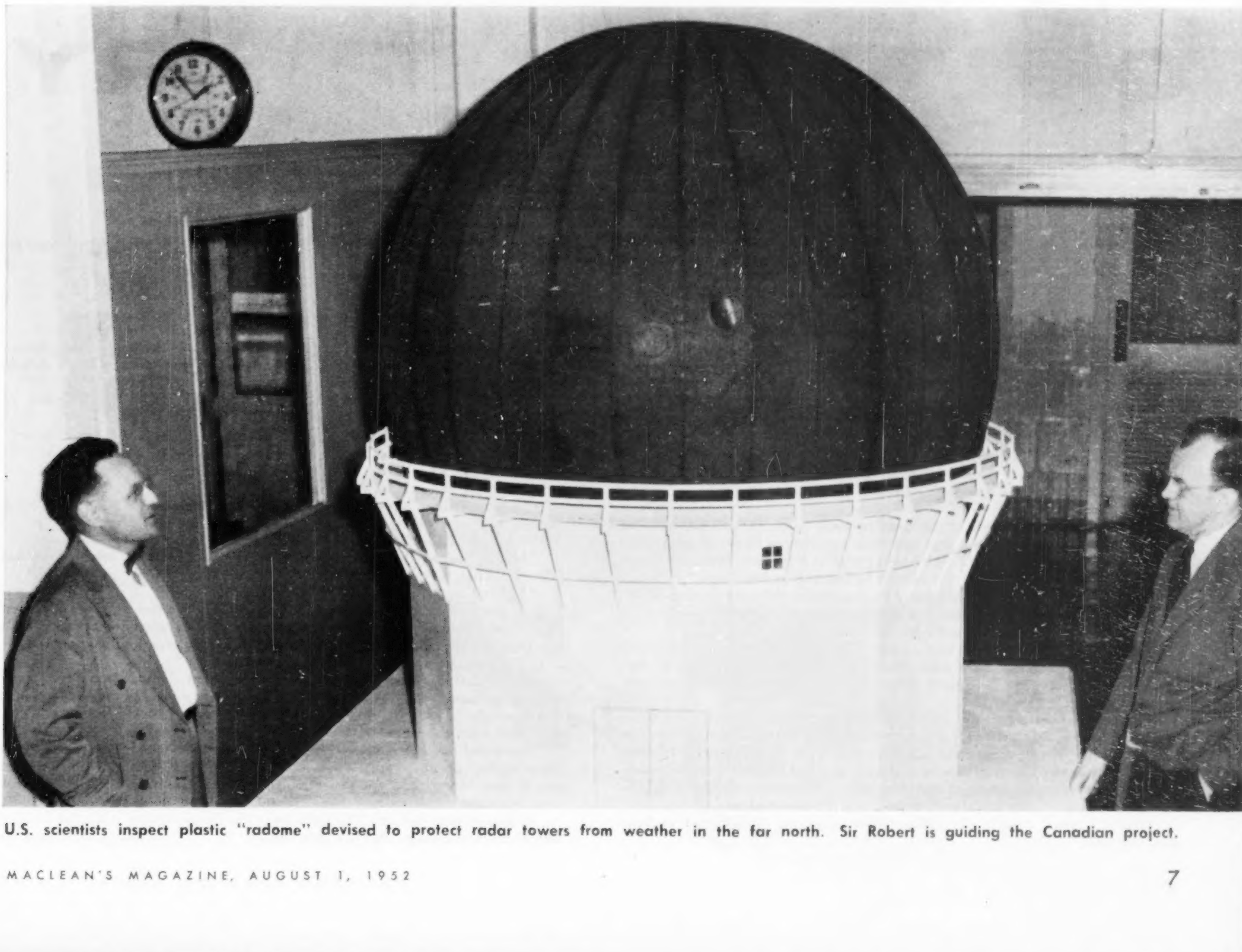
Communion with foreign verse and preoccupation with English composition so distracted him from a manifest bent for science that the headmaster of Brechin High, wounded by his scholastic vagaries and apathy for the classics, predicted he would be pitched into the pit of journalism and might even be sentenced to the editorship of the Glasgow Herald.

But letters failed to woo him from the laboratory, although they lived on like the memory of an old flame. Forty years later Watson-Watt's divided dedication was discernible to a scientist colleague, who paid him his most cherished compliment: that he was "a poet in physics."

Pure mathematics never appealed to him "as intellectual gymnastics" as they do to colder scientists. James Taggart, the physics master at Brechin High, perceived the youngster's hunger for freedom of expression. Taggart lured him into applied mathematics through the thrilling field of dynamics then packed off to the University of St. Andrews a Watson-Watt panting with anticipation and clutching in his dumpling hand a bursary in electrical engineering.

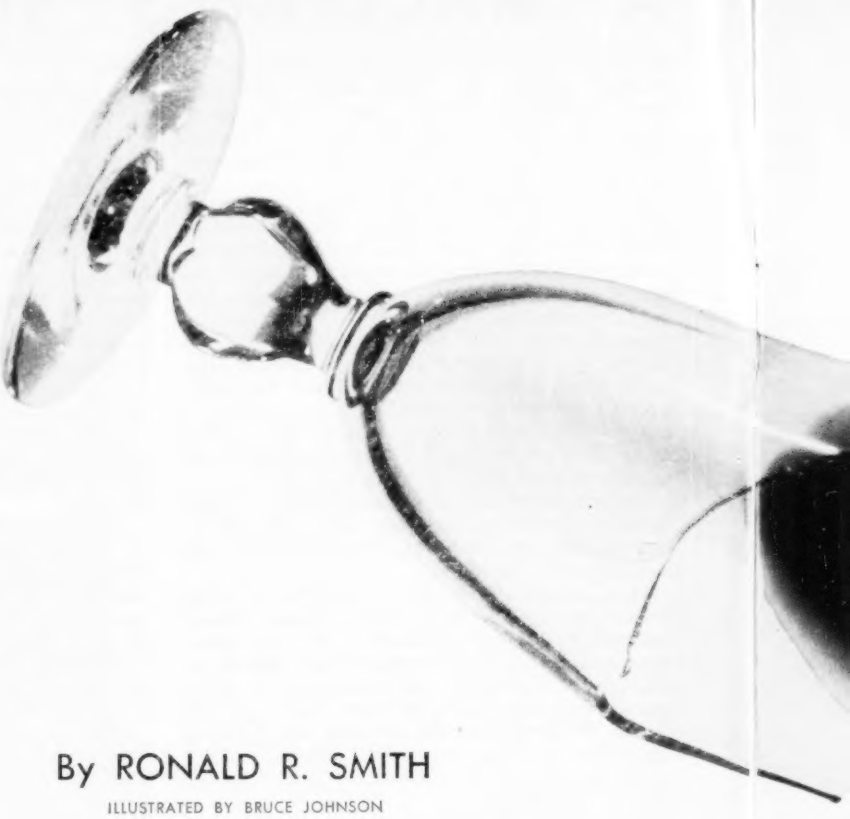
From then on he began to change into a human encyclopedia. He graduated with distinction in electrical engineering, while flirting outside his own faculty with natural history and natural philosophy. Later he lived on three hundred dollars a year as a lecturer in physics. Early in World War One he worked at the bench in University College, Dundee, on the physico-chemical aspects of novocaine, the local anaesthetic. At the same time he took a postgraduate course in radiotelegraphy.

He began tinkering with the possibility of locating thunderstorms by radio. In 1916 he was summoned to the Meteorological Office which put him in a wooden hut at Aldershot and told him to apply his knowledge to the problem of forecasting thunderstorms as a warning to Royal Flying Corps pilots. *Continued on page 40*



U.S. scientists inspect plastic "radome" devised to protect radar towers from weather in the far north. Sir Robert is guiding the Canadian project.

Mary, Mary, QUITE CONTRARY



By RONALD R. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

When a fading actress turns her tigerish talent for revenge on the spoiled son of the director, the script suddenly switches to gas ovens an

THE SYPHON hissed. "When," I said. "When."

Bland handed me the glass. He was a big man but he always wore clothes that hung on him. Broad, domed, hairless brow, long arrogant upper lip, the mouth below curly with a sort of strait-laced humor. He had lectured on English literature at the provincial university where I had misspent some of my youth. He was now a film director of some celebrity and a grass widower. He had one son.

"How's Jerry?" I said.

"I don't really know. He claims he's all right. But he's still too fond of his own society." Jerry had cracked up psychologically at the end of the war. He seemed unable to forgive himself for it in spite of a good army record during the fighting.

Bland put his glass down. "He used to want to write, you know. I've urged him to do his war memoirs—not that anybody is likely to care what a subaltern thinks about war. But I thought that if he gave the ghosts that seem to haunt him a thorough inspection he might exorcise them."

Outside a pneumatic drill stuttered in long bursts like machine-gun fire. We were sitting in half-darkness. The light from the workmen's flares coming in through the windows of Bland's flat flickered on the ceiling.

The door buzzer croaked three times. Bland's crepe rubber soles made soft thudding noises like bare feet. He came back following Mary Lodge. She was saying to him, honeyedly menacing: "You know why I am here, don't you, John?"

She carried herself awfully well. She had rather prominent cheekbones and a bold, desperate jawline. Her face had the cohesive quality of bronze. Except for her mouth which was full, soft, entwined with anguish. It made her smile strangely moving. She was a distinguished actress who had somehow missed greatness. She was a widow with a nineteen-year-old daughter.

"Hello, Mike." She was disappointed Bland was not alone.

"Hello, Mary," I said. "It's been donkey's years. And I have to dash. Just my luck."

She smiled. "I begin to think my appearance unnerves people."

"Sit down, Mike," Bland said. "You too, Mary. Drink?"

She slipped out of her coat and left it lying on the carpet. She sat down, crossed her legs. "Mike won't be able to protect you, John. Don't delude yourself."

Bland pinched a web of loose skin on his neck. "I'm in need of protection?" It seemed to me he knew what was coming.

"Why did you give my part in The Unconquered to Elsi Dorak, John?"

Bland shook his head slowly, hanging on to the skin of his neck. "It was never your part, Mary. Never for a moment."

"Why did Max say it was?"

"Because he can't resist a beautiful woman; because he is an interfering old ass. I do my own casting, Mary."

"And the part is quite beyond my capacities?"

"Mary, Mary. You're not going to try to turn this into a personal affront. That would be grotesque."

"I didn't suppose it needed any turning."

He sat up. "Mary, you've seen the script. Teresa is a peasant girl. She is unconquerable because she has an infinite capacity for submission—a patient vegetal quality. You're incapable of submission, Mary."

"Are we discussing my character or my acting?"

"Some distinguished views to the contrary, it's my opinion that they cannot be separated. A tiger will never portray an old sheep dog very convincingly."

"And I am the tiger?"

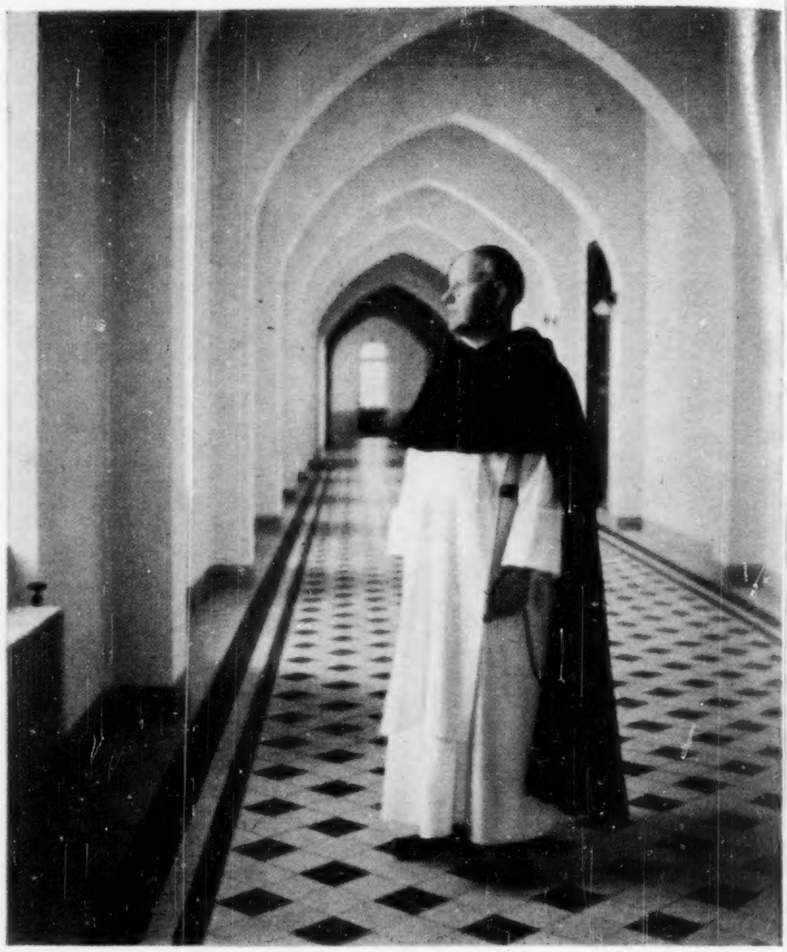
He smiled his thin episcopal smile. "The Spanish when they wish to give their highest praise, say, to a horse, say of it that it is 'much horse.' I would say of you, Mary, that you are much tiger; superbly, to the ultimate degree that beautiful creature."

It was getting darker. The light from the flares outside fluttered wraith-like about the ceiling. Mary's face turned *Continued on page 43*

A glass rolled off the table. Mary said, "Brawls in restaurants make such ugly publicity."

s and jail cells

Msgr. Ferdinand Vandry, as rector of Laval, maintains Church control of the university against pressure by the politicians. One of his problems is the yearly deficit — last year: $600,000.



As head of the new faculty of social sciences Father Georges Lévesque is in the centre of the hot controversy about whether Laval should concentrate on the classical arts or the sciences.

The English handball game of fives (above) and baseball are popular on Laval's campus.

Coeds have long since breached the men-only walls of Laval University and more come for the renowned French summer school. Some of the older professors find it pretty hard to accept the new order, which includes a rah-rah hockey team and election of a campus queen.

The Silent Struggle at Laval

Chemistry lab symbolizes the steady change of direction of Laval's teaching. Science students don't need both Greek and Latin.

Out of a tiny Quebec seminary grew the greatest French university in the New World. Now, as Laval celebrates its first century, a behind-the-scenes battle is raging between the Church and the State to decide finally who is going to rule the roost

By ROGER LEMELIN

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL AND PETER CROYDON

Music student Marielle Guimond, of Cap St. Ignace, stops to chat between classes with med. student Jean-Yves Leclerc, of Lévis.

ONE EVENING last February ten thousand festive alumni of Laval University invaded Quebec City's handsome Coliseum to see Laval's red-and-gold hockey players in action and to elect their campus queen from a list of candidates that included the granddaughter of Louis St. Laurent. Before the game began Monsignor Ferdinand Vandry, rector of the university, came on the ice to throw out the starting puck. An old priest sitting next to me sighed. "Times have certainly changed," he said sadly. "Women are now accepted at the university and the rector engages in sport. Young men are losing their interest in the priesthood as a vocation. Fifty years ago the priesthood was considered an interesting career. But today when a young priest sees a former co-student earning fifteen thousand dollars a year as an engineer it disheartens him."

This melancholy observation symbolizes the profound changes now altering the face of old Quebec. In the midst of an unprecedented industrial expansion the laymen's voice is heard ever more loudly demanding the reform of an educational system that aims primarily at turning out priests, doctors and lawyers rather than engineers or scientists. And the provincial government itself is locked in a great and silent struggle with the Quebec clergy to wrest control of university teaching from the clerical grasp.

There's no better illustration of this modern upheaval in Quebec than Laval University which celebrates its centenary this year—a unique institution, controlled by priests, where a man must be a Greek scholar before he can study medicine and professors earn so little that some must sell insurance and Fuller brushes on the side.

The priests who control Laval no longer have enough money to meet the needs of the university. On the other hand the provincial government, which can easily afford to give Laval the grants it needs, would like to have a firmer voice in Laval's policies. The clergy, which tends to distrust modern scientific doctrines, is astonished at the meteoric growth of the faculty of sciences. Many of its members are alarmed. For a long time the priests set the university's tone. Today ninety-two percent of its staff is made up of laymen.

French Canada is served by two great Catholic universities—Montreal and Laval. Both were founded by priests and both operate not only under a civil charter but under a charter from the Pope as well, which grants them the right to confer degrees in theology. Both were founded to teach laymen, even though *grands séminaires* (upper seminaries) designed to turn out priests are part and parcel of each. The U. of M. is the younger and larger, but Laval has more prestige. The U. of M. is controlled, financially and politically, by the Union Nationale government. Laval isn't.

Laval is the oldest French university on the continent and one of eight great French Catholic universities in the world. From under its old pointed roofs atop the rocky cliff of Quebec have emerged the province's first doctors and lawyers. It was Laval that gave an *élite* to the handful of colonists defeated in 1760 and produced Louis St. Laurent almost two hundred years later. In 1920 Laval had only five hundred students attending four faculties, today its thirty-five hundred students are scattered in ten faculties. Most students at Laval have BA degrees in classics, an entrance requirement in most faculties of Canadien universities in Quebec. The thirteen thousand students currently studying for this necessary BA are attending schools and classical *collèges* affiliated with Laval or Montreal but scattered through the province.

Continued on page 36

The peace of the seminary priest has been disturbed by the mushroom growth of Laval. The "lay" university, opened in 1852 as a side line, now has thirty-five hundred students. The engineering building (right) is one of the first of a hundred-million-dollar college town.

ALAN BROWN OF SICK KIDS

Accusing mothers of neglect for not breast-feeding, overriding other opinions with his uncanny skill, Dr. Brown, of Toronto's famed children's hospital, has his share of critics. He also has the grateful regard of thousands of parents and a reputation as the best baby doctor Canada's ever had

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

PHOTOS BY H. W. TETLOW

Brown often calls Toronto's new Sick Kids "my hospital." He was Chief for thirty-seven years.

Brown pursues his favorite hobby — medicine. He was one of the three doctors who created Pablum.

THEY TELL a story in Toronto about the little girl who came home from her first day at Sunday school and asked, "Mummy, was Jesus an Alan Brown baby?"

The question was apt, for twenty-five years ago, when this story originated, the name of Dr. Alan Brown, Canada's first trained pediatrician and the brilliant and fiery physician-in-chief of the Hospital for Sick Children, was a household word in Toronto and few indeed were the children who were *not* "Alan Brown Babies."

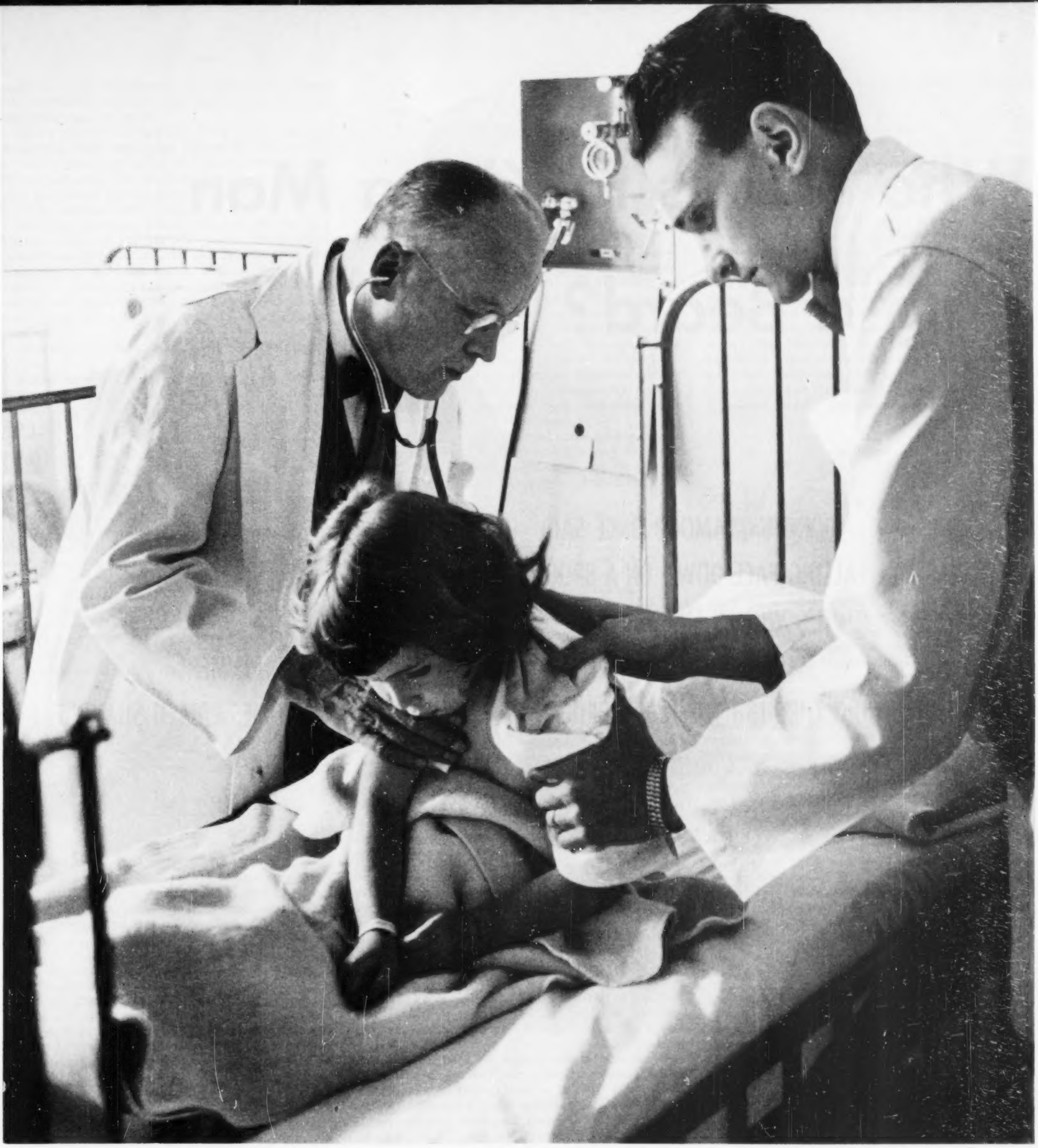
In 1927, quick-tempered, hard-working, dictatorial Brown was busy battering his knowledge of child care into the heads of doctors, nurses, medical students and parents, whom he challenged one at a time or en masse, with a sledge hammer if necessary.

Last year, when Brown resigned from the hospital after thirty-seven years' service, his life's work could be more coolly evaluated. The largest gathering of medical alumni in the hospital's history met to declare: "When the history of Canadian pediatrics of this century is written, Dr. Brown will be called the greatest pediatrician of our time." Member or honorary member of half a dozen British, American and Canadian medical societies; teacher of seventy-three percent of Canada's two hundred and fifty-five pediatricians; author or co-author of one hundred and forty-one scientific papers and two textbooks on child care; private physician to thousands of Ontario children and consultant in untold numbers of difficult cases throughout the world; a prime mover in public-health measures and a life-long advocate of preventive medicine; physician-in-chief or consulting physician to five other hospitals—Alan Brown's most lasting achievement stands today on University Avenue in downtown Toronto: the brand-new, twelve-million-dollar, world-renowned Hospital for Sick Children, where he is recognized as "the drive, the dream, the inspiration."

There are three stages in the life of a pediatrician, somebody has said—he dreams of building a hospital, he builds it, he spends the rest of his life showing it off.

Sure enough, drop into the hospital, look along the corridor, and there, hurrying in an immaculate white coat and the bow tie that is his trademark, comes Brown himself, far more perky than his dignified portrait that hangs upstairs in the locked board room. The Chief may have resigned, but he's still very much present. His afternoons may be taken up with his extensive private practice in the Medical Arts Building, but his mornings still belong to "Sick Kids," as the hospital is known. Here he visits every day, checks up on his own bed patients, engages in brief chats with a busy staff, and consoles himself with the evident fact that things aren't going to pot after all.

Ever since he was twelve and decided to be a doctor, medicine has been Alan Brown's hobby as well as his profession. At university he gave up football because he broke a finger and figured a doctor shouldn't risk any more of his anatomy. As a medical student he thought it a privilege to sit up all night peering through a microscope at a tuberculosis bacillus. Even his engagement to Miss Constance Hobbs, of London, Ont., did not take his mind entirely off the subject. There's a story that he left her sitting on the hospital steps one day while he went inside to a post mortem



Sometimes gruff with worrying parents, Brown is affectionate with children. Here, with a resident physician, he checks up on a four-year-old croup patient.

and then, forgetting all about her, left by a side door a couple of hours later and went on home by himself. (She married him anyway.)

Brown was born in Toronto in 1887, one of four children. His father George was manager of a wholesale crockery firm. His mother was Georgina Gowans, the first woman medical student in Canada, who had given up her career to marry. Sixty-five years ago the word "pediatrics" (the branch of medicine devoted to child care) was unknown in Canada. If children sickened they were taken to the family doctor, a GP who carried them along from the cradle to the grave. A long list of fatal diseases lay in wait for the infant of those days: tuberculous meningitis, pneumonia, cholera infantum (known to fearful mothers as "summer complaint"), diphtheria, whooping cough and half a dozen other contagious diseases and their crippling complications. There were no antibiotics, no routine immunization, no sulfa, nothing to do for a child with pneumonia but give him aspirin, a mustard plaster and steam, and pray he'd pull through. Hospitals—and this included Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, then in its infancy—were looked on as a last hope for a dying child.

By the time Brown graduated from Jarvis Collegiate and the University of Toronto and went on to intern at the Babies' Hospital in New York the medical picture was beginning to change. Abraham Jacobi, later to be known as the father of American pediatrics, was teaching in New York. Mothers were hearing the word pediatrician for the first time, though in the limited sense of an "infant feeder." Percentage feeding was coming into vogue and doctors were busy juggling the composition of cow's milk to make it as much as possible like human milk. The possibility that some digestive disorders are the result of infection or overfeeding or overdilution or even poor psychological handling wasn't sufficiently realized, and some doctors remained convinced that a child's diet should be regulated on the character of its bowel movements.

Brown continued his postgraduate studies in Vienna, Munich, Berlin, Paris, London and Edinburgh under the *Continued on page 33*

Who Wants to Kiss a Man With a Beard?

DOROTHY LAMOUR ONCE SAID IT WAS LIKE FALLING FACE DOWN ON A BROOM. IT'S WOMEN LIKE HER WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR STUBBLE-TROUBLED CANADIAN MEN GOING THROUGH THE DAILY ORDEAL OF POGONOTOMY, SOMETIMES CALLED SHAVING

By BOB COLLINS

Drawings by Don Sexton

EARLY this morning, while women and small boys slumbered, 4,887,000 wretched Canadian males crept silently from their beds and shuffled to their bathrooms to keep a standing date with their faces.

From Nootka on the west coast to Twillingate in the squid-jiggin' grounds of Newfoundland the men pursued the same solemn prehistoric ritual. Each martyr assumed the Pogonotomy Crouch before his mirror. He blinked, yawned, shivered, studied his hairline, scratched his chest, tucked a towel beneath his chin and contorted his face.

Amid whirring motors and showers of stubble some pogonotomists belabored their jowls with small machines. Others smothered their faces with an inch of lather, grappled with a steel blade in a wax-paper jacket, peeled off seven grams of epidermis, struck small gushers of blood and, if they were fortunate, whittled away most of the fifteen thousand whiskers that sprouted from their cheeks.

But above the lather and debris, eyes were bleak and weary. The pogonotomist knew that in spite of the benefits of lanolin, high-velocity heads or the sharpest edges ever honed, he'd be doing the whole thing over again tomorrow.

Pogonotomy (from the Greek *pogon* — beard) —shaving, if you like—has effectively stymied mankind since the Stone Age. At various times throughout history the beard has proudly signified mourning, celebration, wisdom or dignity. Men have sworn oaths on it and grown it to pay off debts.

Today, however, chin whiskers are in a slump. Even the traditional navy beard is frowned upon: during the last war two shipwrecked seamen were believed to have suffocated when oil and salt water mingled in their beards. A memorandum was issued asking captains to discourage beard-growing at sea.

Other misfortunes plague the modern man who wears whiskers. Back in the Thirties John Kontra, of Hungary, twirled a twenty-eight-inch mustache, which he claimed was a world's record. But he used special oil to train its curves and one night, when the usual preparation wasn't available, he basted it with lamp oil. When he lit his pipe, flames spurted forth from his upper lip, injuring one eye. In 1946 an elderly New Yorker, Lewis Malina, was dozing over an early morning cigar when his beard and bedclothes caught fire. The mattress suffered minor damage, Malina received first and second degree burns, the beard was a total loss.

But fire hazard isn't the major reason for the beard's decline. In the words of a Toronto barber: "Women are responsible!" In Hollywood Dorothy Lamour, asked for her opinion on beards, scoffed, "Grandpa had a beard and kissing him was like falling face down on a broom." Most women are just as emphatic. Some argue beards are both unsightly and unsanitary. The man who shows his face today with five-o'clock shadow may as well turn up with leprosy.

In their attempts to look sharp some pogonotomists pay a high price. Last year, whiskers cost Cesar Anulfo Aneu, of Guatemala, six thousand dollars. He turned in a lottery ticket as payment on a shave. A day later the ticket paid off for his barber.

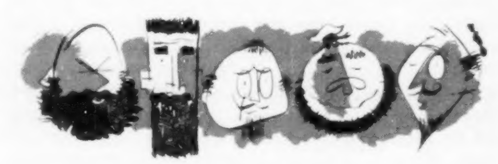
And nearly five million Canadian shavers lost countless dollars and about three million hours a year, all devoted to straight razors, electric razors, thirty types of safety razors with one hundred and forty-three brands of blades, styptic pencils, lotions, talcs and one hundred and thirty brands of shaving cream in sticks, tubes or bowls containing such ingredients as stearic acid, glycerol, coconut oil, perfume, castor oil, wax, olive oil, palm-kernel oil, peanut oil, dihydroxyhexachlorodiphenylmethane and suet.

From time to time the shavers of the world arise and fight back.

In 1932 the Milwaukee Plumbers' Association passed a resolution urging all plumbers' assistants to shave regularly and "increase the trade's prestige." One plumber refused, branding it all a "plot of the big bosses."

In India in 1944 five hundred barbers appealed to the government to put safety razors on the contraband list.

Two years later the Ontario city of North Bay



sponsored a Whiskerino Contest and men all over the northland jubilantly vied for the title King of the Whopping Whiskers.

Every year from April to July in Swift Current, Sask., the local men grow beards for July 1 festivities. One year when the beards were finally shorn they made the clippings into hats. Another year each beard grower received a permit, complete with flea and accident clause.

But open rebellion is rare. In fact, for the first sixteen years of his life the human male waits breathlessly for the day he can shave. For the next fifty or sixty he mutely scrapes, suffers and regrets it. Assuming that the average beard grows one fiftieth of an inch per day, this means that a man reaps thirty to forty feet of whiskers in his lifetime.

Actually he brought it all upon himself by being a man.

Facial hair is a male secondary sexual characteristic which accompanies adolescence. From ten thousand to twenty thousand whiskers jut from the average man's face at an angle of thirty-one to fifty-nine degrees. Rooted in the secondary skin beneath the epidermis, each hairshaft pushes through a tiny crater or follicle. The chief chemical constituent of hair is keratin, an organic material which absorbs water readily. Hair also takes up an oily secretion from the sebaceous glands.

The "tough beard" isn't only advertising jargon: the number and thickness of hairs really vary with every face. On some beards the whisker diameter averages .009 inches, on others it's as small as .005 inches. Usually the beard is most heavily concentrated on the chin and upper lip. The number of hairs varies from seventy to one hundred and twenty per square centimetre on the centre of the chin.

Experts can't agree on the importance of ex-

ternal factors like weather, diet or disposition on beard growth. One encyclopedia claims that bad-tempered men have bristly beards, that wholesome food softens the whiskers and dry indigestible food hardens them. George Hoffman, Prime Handlebar of the British Handlebar Club, came to Canada in 1948 behind a mustache with a nine-and-a-half-inch wingspan. To reporters he confided, "The food here should do quite a bit for the length and texture but it's really beer that grows this lovely stuff."

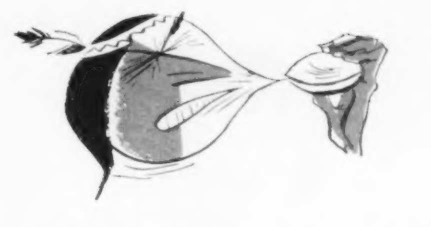
In Jacksonville, Fla., researchers found that temperature definitely affects beard growth. The daily September beard, at an average temperature of seventy-nine degrees, grew twice as long as the January crop at an average temperature of fifty-eight degrees.

But many dermatologists doubt this. "I don't think it has ever been proved that hair actually grows longer in the summer," says Dr. Raymond Smith, Toronto skin specialist. "I think men just aren't able to shave as closely during hot weather."

All the experts agree, though, that shaving doesn't increase beard growth. One American scientist, testing razor blades, has shaved his left arm for twenty years. "Today," he says, "there is no difference whatever in the characteristics of the hair on either arm."

A group of American college students reached the same conclusion after shaving one side of their faces every day for two months, saving the whiskers, then harvesting the two-month growth and weighing both collections.

A few dermatologists believe that hair diameter increases slightly with constant shaving. Others report beard growth is more rapid immediately after shaving but it soon slows down to normal.



If shaving inspired hair growth, they say, a number of men would be lathering the tops of their heads.

There are several other methods of getting rid of your whiskers. Where a religion does not permit its adherents to use a sharp instrument on their faces, some use a depilatory. Depilatories soften and dissolve the keratin of the hair. Skin specialists say these preparations can irritate or burn the face. X-rays can be equally dangerous. Thallium acetate causes the beard to fall out temporarily but, in addition to being extremely toxic, this drug takes the hair off the top of your head.

Electrolysis is expensive and often its results are only temporary. The electric needle may not reach the hair root or the patient may not be able to stand a current strong enough to permanently kill the hair.

About twenty percent of Canadian males use electric razors, which shear the face with a series of tiny scissorlike knives.

For the great majority who still use a blade of some kind there is plenty of free advice—none of it guaranteed—on how to get the best results.

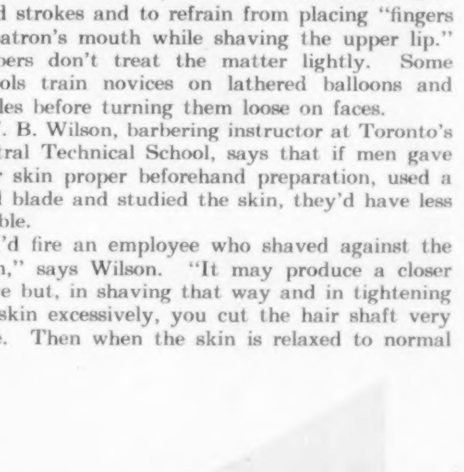
A former editor of a cutlery trade journal advises shavers to make faces at themselves in the mirror. "This tightens the skin," he explains. "Since the hair is set in a yielding base it needs something to make it stand up to the razor."

Bill Forbes, a Scottish barber who clocks up shaves at twenty-nine seconds each and hasn't lost a customer yet, says it's important that the subject sit, lie or stand still.

A barbering handbook published by the Journeymen Barbers' International Union of America places emphasis on the stroke. It urges its students to master the freehand, backhand and reverse freehand strokes and to refrain from placing "fingers in patron's mouth while shaving the upper lip." Barbers don't treat the matter lightly. Some schools train novices on lathered balloons and bottles before turning them loose on faces.

W. B. Wilson, barbering instructor at Toronto's Central Technical School, says that if men gave their skin proper beforehand preparation, used a good blade and studied the skin, they'd have less trouble.

"I'd fire an employee who shaved against the grain," says Wilson. "It may produce a closer shave but, in shaving that way and in tightening the skin excessively, you cut the hair shaft very close. Then when the skin is relaxed to normal



that stub of hair drops inside the follicle. On some faces this causes skin irritation and ingrown hairs."

Shaving "against the grain" means shaving against the slant of the whisker. Because the direction of slant differs according to the part of the face involved, the grain can run in almost any direction. An experienced barber lets his razor follow his fingertips as he determines the grain of his customer's beard.

Probably the most extensive shaving test ever made was conducted in the Thirties at the Mellon Institute, University of Pittsburgh. Thirty-one martyrs shaved every day for four years with dull blades, sharp blades held at different angles, cold water, hot water and no water at all. They softened and stretched hair, measured razor angles and peered at faces under magnifying lenses. Shavings were rinsed from faces and razors and whirled in centrifuge tubes to separate the whiskers and skin particles, which were then weighed.

At the end of the tests the researchers published a learned twenty-page document which revealed

that, for a close shave, there's nothing like hot water and a sharp blade. "The best shaving soap devised does not compensate for cold water or a dull blade," the report added.

Other startling facts included: For every whisker shaved a man gives up some skin. One shaver took off .5 cubic centimetres (about 7.7 grams) of skin to .63 cubic centimetres of hair. Another pared off .3 of skin to .21 of hair. Excessive skin stretching, shaving against the grain and shaving an area more than once were all blamed for this.

A razor-to-face angle of twenty-five degrees was found most effective. The Mellon martyrs learned that any nonirritant soap is satisfactory for lathering. Lather's major purpose is holding water.

The four-year study also revealed that shaving discomfort and blade wear reach a minimum when preparation time is three minutes or longer. A preparation period of fifteen seconds will net you two shaves per blade; three minutes preparation ekes out four shaves and the thrifty man is rewarded with five shaves a blade if he first soaks his head ten minutes under a hot shower.

Today there would be only one change in the 1937 report, says E. J. Casselman, one of the survey directors. Corrosion of the blade edge between and during shaves has been found more important. There is still no data for the man whose wife cuts linoleum with his razor.

According to the Mellon survey the perfect shave starts this way: wash the face with soap and hot water for thirty seconds, then rinse thoroughly. Rub shaving soap into the face for two to two and a half minutes, using plenty of water. No harm will be done by extending the time the face is in contact with soap by finding other things to do at this time such as brushing the teeth or reloading the razor.

Then shave, if the lather hasn't hardened to concrete. Be sure to use the proper razor angle, plenty of water, and leave the hardest parts to the last.

Men haven't always shaved the Mellon way but for thousands of years they've shaved or argued about shaving. Pogonotomy has figured in love, war and religion. Three-pound Stone-Age flints, probably used as razors, have been unearthed; before that man probably rasped his beard away with pumice stone. The ancient Egyptians used straight-edge bronze razors. North American Indians yanked out their beards with clam shells.

Alexander the Great ordered his troops to shave when he learned that their beards were being used as handles. Enemy *Continued on page 30*

"Whatever she does —

Oh, doesn't every woman know it!

— she must

do twice as well

as any man to be thought

just half as good."

WILL WOMEN EVER RUN THE COUNTRY?

By CHARLOTTE WHITTON

Ottawa's spunky mayor concedes that women haven't played as prominent a part in politics as it was predicted when women won the vote. But she believes they're growing so impatient with the man-made messes of a man-made world that they may soon insist on a larger voice in its affairs

MY FATHER, who came of unbroken Yorkshire and Norfolk stock, was an easy, genial man. Until his death in my fortieth year we had only two or three really stand-up rows. The worst of them all was when, at sixteen, I led a collegiate debate on the right of women to equality of vote and office in the business of government.

That was back in Renfrew, Ont. We had an excellent principal in the old Renfrew Collegiate Institute, Dr. Hugh Bryan, who gave every backing to our imaginative English and history teacher, Florence Corkery. Together they organized our public-speaking and history classes on what would today be acclaimed as the most modern of teaching methods.

The First Form was organized as The Town; Second Form as The Province; Third Form as The Dominion. I went through to election as mayor in The Town, as Sir James Whitney in The Province, and found myself only R. L. Borden, Leader of the Opposition, when I achieved Dominion status. Then came the elections of 1911, fought as stubbornly in our collegiate as in the country at large, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier (Wilfred Wilson he was—he died on the Somme in 1916) went down to defeat before my anti-reciprocity forces.

I was called on by Dr. Bryan, who was governor-general, to form a ministry. I came home, flushed with pride and excitement, to proclaim my hope of someday becoming a real minister at Ottawa—"perhaps a Sam Hughes."

My father's temper fired as I had rarely seen it. This nonsense at the school had gone far enough. If we were playing government let the girls be kept in their place. Like rugby, politics was for the boys and men.

And with that the fight was on. It's still too early to plot the final outcome. It's true that, in theory, my father's point of view was dealt a death blow when, all of thirty-four years ago, Canadian women were granted the franchise. I well remember how a new heaven and a new earth seemed about to open as the bastion of the ballot box fell to the trumpets of the suffragettes.

Under the first heady impact of the women's vote Mary Ellen Smith became a cabinet minister in British Columbia. Roberta McAdams, Mrs. Louise McKinney, the Hon. Irene Parlby and the incomparable Nellie McClung quickly won seats in the Alberta legislature. The scintillating Edith Rogers drove a one-woman salient into the parliament of Manitoba, as did Mrs. M. O. Ramsland in Saskatchewan. Agnes Macphail, doughtiest of them all, became the first woman MP at Ottawa and the first woman MPP in Ontario. The Liberals appointed the Hon. Cairine Wilson to the Senate and the Conservatives replied by appointing the Hon. Iva Fallis.

It was an encouraging beginning for those who believe, as I do, that the cause to which women were called by the vote was not women's rights but the nation's rights—its right to its full woman power, in all its intuitive strength, in all its capacity for sacrifice, in all its creative surge, in all its passionate desire to see things properly done, in all its gift for practical detail.

But the promise of that beginning has not been fulfilled. In the intervening three decades only five more women have been elected to the legislature of B. C., nine in Alberta, two in Saskatchewan, two in Manitoba, and one in Ontario. No more than five have followed the pioneer footsteps of Agnes Macphail to Ottawa. More than a hundred senate appointments have been made since Iva Fallis became a senator—not one has been a woman. And never yet, east of the pre-Cambrian shield, has a woman been elected to a provincial or federal house.

The dinosaurs may lie deep in their prehistoric graves but their spirits come out to range at night. The solid dead weight of tradition is still a mighty barrier to the progress of women in the business of government.

A Woman Must Have What It Takes

But, in spite of the unconvincing nature of the record, I believe the tradition against women in politics is doomed. I say this not so much because of my faith in women's rights as because of my belief that now, for the first time since they won those rights, women are really in a position to make the best use of them. Political emancipation has meant less than it promised to mean for women because they have only begun to win economic emancipation. More and more women can "afford" to take part in politics. It's inevitable that their part shall become larger and more useful.

We like to think that a man or a woman going into public life must have character, ability, experience, courage, wisdom, strength and, above all, staying power. But let's be frank: he or she must have "what it takes" too. He or she must be sure of the means of election. He or she must have some independence of income, together with support, or assurance of support, from some major group within the electorate.

If you are seeking political office in a democracy you just must be sufficiently independent to be master of your own deeds and decisions or you must be adopted by some special interest. That special interest can be a political party, or capital, or industry, or agriculture, or one's employer, or a particular religious or racial or language group or some cause such as the temperance forces, or the "anti's," or (and have we really come to it?) a women's movement.

Just think over everyone for whom you have voted—or more likely failed to vote—in municipal, provincial or federal elections, and classify them under those rough headings. Then, think another thought: how many men, how many fewer women, can be certain of making one of those categories?

There you have, in my judgment, one of the main reasons for the slight participation of women in public life. Political freedom means little without economic security to sustain it. That's as true of individuals as of nations, and women simply have not had economic independence or, as Virginia Woolf so brilliantly wrote, "a room of their own."

Women have been divided roughly into three major groups in modern society.

First there were the married women, the very foundation of the nation, the greatest single contributors to its growth and wealth, not only in character but in actual economic value to the nation. They are the cornerstones of most of the powerful women's groups in the Church or State and, as their children pass out of their most demanding and unpredictable years, these women are freed, with maturity, energy, rich experience, to give more time and concentrated attention to public life. Ellen Fairclough, MP, Tilly Rolston, MLA, Marjorie Hamilton, the Mayor of Barrie, spring instantly to mind here.

Second, there have been "the bane of the tribe," as Mme. Pierre Casgrain once called them—"the husbands' wives"—the women who, choosing matrimony, espouse everything about the men they marry, even to their opinions and who know but one tinkling refrain: "Don't you think it's a matter for the men?" . . . "Now, my husband says . . ."

Third, there have been through all human story the women of certain independence of mind and bent from their cradles—women who, even as youngsters, were the tomboys of the town, wrapping their dolls in bits of calico but keeping their fishing tackle spic and span—as ready to strike out with their hockey sticks as their sisters to jab with their needles. Women of such a mold were the powerful sisters of the Pharaohs, the intellectual *hetaeras* of the Greeks (though they were anything but celibate), the abbesses of the medieval ages, the gainfully occupied women of all types today, from the roughest scrubber of an office floor to the gifted surgeons, brilliant QCs and successful business executives.

This third group is not any longer the unmarried. Many of them are *Continued on page 31*

Practicing for a plowing match, Charlotte works her own tractor on her sister's farm.

Lady mayors meet. From left: Mrs. Bernadette Smith (Woodstock), Mrs. Grace McFarland (Leamington), Mrs. H. McKenzie (Beaverton), Miss Whitton, Mrs. M. Hamilton (Barrie).

The lights and the low voices reminded Irena of her early childhood, something she hadn't thought of for years. Foolishness, Petrov called it.

AN IKON FOR IRENA

THROUGH THE SIBERIAN GLOOM THE YAKUTS CHANTED BEHIND THEIR SYMBOL OF PAINTED WOOD. THE SOVIET GEOLOGIST, WHO LOVED STARK FACTS AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE, FOUND IN THE TORCHLIGHT THAT NEITHER OF THESE WAS EVERLASTING IN A WORLD NOT RULED BY THE STATE

By RICHARD WILCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

ANATOLI ILIYTCH PETROV, Member of the Academy of Science, twice winner of a Stalin Prize for geology, walked slowly across the tundra. His shoulders were hunched against the constant wind. Usually on these walks between the blustery drilling site and the bleak camp Petrov's eyes stared straight ahead. He liked to search across the flat treeless plains, marking their precise limits in that broad band of grey haze where they blended into the Arctic sky. Such definitions pleased Petrov. It was good to see exactly where earth ended and sky began. By knowing such details, he thought, man controlled himself and the world about him.

Today, however, Petrov's eyes were following the black squiggles on a strip of electric logging paper. The ends of the long strip flapped whitely beyond his hands. His head moved in little nods of agreement, interpreting the impressions made while the logging machine had been lowered into the shaft. The resistance of various layers of rock to an electric current had outlined on the paper a cross section of the earth strata through which the well had been bored. To trace the oil well's profile through the frozen clay of the permafrost, down past the sheets of gypsum, rock and salt was very pleasing to Petrov. It confirmed the findings of science. It testified to the rigid ordained order of the world. The strip of logging paper was food for a mind that fed on facts.

Even more than that, the electric log backed up his own conclusions. For years he had been studying the few geological findings made in the Siberian Arctic. Putting them all together had led to the deduction that oil must be present in the north—in large quantities and in specific areas. Such conclusions were too important for a Soviet citizen to keep to himself. Petrov had immediately notified the Oil Ministry of his beliefs. To the State fell the regulation of men and their works, another fact he considered just and fitting.

Those at the Kremlin had given him ships and equipment. They made it possible for him to come to this desolate spot between the wide, black, lonesome, north-flowing waters of the Yenisei and Lena Rivers. The men of the Kremlin had placed their trust in the word of a Soviet scientist that oil would be found in the great wastes of Siberia. They had accepted his proposal to start work hundreds of miles north of the Arctic Circle and much nearer the Pole than the geologists of other countries had ever dared drill before.

Petrov realized the acceptance was provisional, however. The State needed oil and would provide lavishly for those who could produce it. But there was a limit to its trust. If oil was not found within what Moscow considered reasonable time limits, a project would be wiped out and with it a scientific reputation.

There were colleagues of his at the ministry who scoffed at his finding any oil at all, let alone within the period he had told the authorities would be required. A Moscow *Continued on page 23*

Bring Lots of Money, Honey

Bachelor Largo is willing to consider marriage offers from beautiful women who will hand him a pay cheque every Friday. He'll even take on a mother-in-law — if she has a good job

By JOHN LARGO

DRAWING BY HAROLD TOWN

I AM OFTEN asked, usually by panting women, why I am not yet married. "Look at you," these eager fillies whinny. "Tall, dark and balding. How is it a handsome fellow like you hasn't matched up with some cute young thing before this?"

"My standards are too high," I usually answer, frostily. "On your way, fluff."

Well, this answer, while true enough, doesn't tell the whole story, not by half a light year. The plain truth is that modern marriage as a financial institution doesn't look any too sound to me.

One lad of my acquaintance, for example, has just sold his car to finance the baby he (and his wife) expects to have this fall. Another is getting a second mortgage on his house to pay for the second baby he and his wife have just had. One baby, one mortgage, indeed, seems to be about the usual pay-off.

Well, a small business run along those lines would be sure to fold up in short order, or even faster.

Both the frantic fathers I mentioned above are already suffering from the consequences of their monetary muddles. The first has stopped eating lunch and takes his shoes off around the office to save boot leather. Some inkling of the correct solution has already dawned on him, but he's not tough enough.

"Darling," he told his wife the other day, "I wonder if, after two years of marriage, you aren't beginning to miss the company of those interesting people you worked with in the advertising agency? I mean, it must be a little dull for you, alone in the house all day. Nothing to do but look after a single baby, and that just a little one?"

At this writing she hasn't taken the hint. She may catch on when he faints one day from hunger while she's shoveling baby food down the insatiable maw of their economic deficit. I wouldn't give you odds on it. Some women, you have to beat them over the head with a hot poker before they'll see the light.

The other haunted husband operates, somehow, on what he calls the "infinite installment" plan. When his car wears out, for example, he'll just let the finance company have it and start paying installments on a new one. He keeps up the interest on his mortgages, but if the lease-and-loan people get nasty my friend will simply move to another location and start all over again with new hope and a fresh mortgage.

"Owning your own home is much cheaper than paying rent," he told me.

He's right, of course, but there's an easier way to acquire that little shanty in the country. I tried to suggest it to him—not baldly, but working around to the proposal in a subtle fashion.

"What," I asked him, "did your wife do before she trapped you?"

"Nothing," he said after a moment's thought.

"Well," I said, "what talents has she got? Can she cook?"

"No," he said. He laughed.

"Wash floors?"

"*I* wash the floors."

I knew I was wasting my time, after that, but I'd do anything for a friend with two mortgages on him.

"There must be *something*," I said. "Can she lay bricks? Fix cars? Sweep out stables? Collect garbage? Deliver groceries?"

"No," he said, almost proudly. "No. No. No. No. She can't even take *in* groceries. I do that."

"You mean," I demanded, "that your wife is one of those useless women, good for absolutely nothing?"

He nodded. He smiled dreamily. "I've always thought she has rather nice eyelashes," he said.

Recently I had a dinner date with another friend of mine who got married only last month. He lives in one of those attic apartments where the walls slope down to meet the floor. To stand erect you have to move into the centre of the room. In the winter the heat doesn't rise to his floor, in the summer it congregates there.

He and his wife dealt out dinner on a card table with a short leg. Later I helped him wash the dishes in the bathtub, down the hall, first on your right.

"How's married life?" I asked, out loud.

"Oh, wonderful," he said, with that gleam in his eye. That gleam merely means: "Let this sucker find out the hard way."

So you see, girls, I'm sorry but that's the way it is. I must insist that my wife have a good job in the first place, with a nice little bank balance that we can turn into a joint account. I must also insist she keep on working. I'll have nothing to do with a lazy woman. If I think she merits it I'll speak to her boss and get her a raise. That way, we can go on a honeymoon.

In taking this stand, mind you, I'm thinking only of my wife. Marriage should be a partnership. (A joint stock company would be even better—then you could have dividends.) I don't want my wife to feel that I'm the only one who's contributing to the support of our home.

Besides, do you think I want to come back after a hard day at the office and find her slopping around the house, unwashed, wearing an old pair of coveralls, with her stringy hair hanging down over her jowls, dull-eyed from sleeping all day? Of course not.

On the contrary, I want to be greeted by a smartly dressed young woman, bright and smiling after a pleasant day spent with her business associates, about whom I shall expect her to relate amusing anecdotes. Every Friday she will proudly present me with her pay envelope, and I will let her look at my cheque. I want us to be on an even footing.

So there you are, prospective candidates. I don't care what you look like as long as you're fairly pretty and have a good figure. I'm not even worried about your mother, if she's willing to work at the job I get her. But when you put in your bid don't forget to enclose your credit rating.

Is that too much to ask? ★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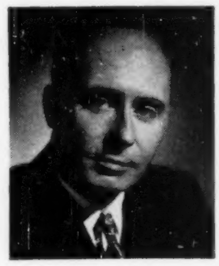


CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

THE AFRICAN QUEEN: The original climax of the C. S. Forester novel has been unabashedly hoked up in John Huston's film, but the final result remains a piece of solid entertainment. Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn versus the jungle and the Germans at the outbreak of World War One.

THE ATOMIC CITY: A brisk and suspenseful low-budget thriller about the kidnaping of a Los Alamos nuclear scientist's small son by foreign agents. Authentic location shots, believable characters on both sides, and a tense finale in the style of yesterday's cliff-hanger serials help to make this one an item worth seeing.

CLASH BY NIGHT: Will bad-girl Barbara Stanwyck settle down with honest fisherman Paul Douglas or run away with scowling movie projectionist Robert Ryan? The solution manages to be both inevitable and implausible in this overdrawn mellerdrammer, which is fleetingly brightened by Marilyn Monroe as a purring cannery cutie.

HIGH NOON: An uncommonly good western, weakened only by an occasional overdose of bitterness in its harsh scrutiny of a town's flabby conscience. The story has to do with a dogged marshal (Gary Cooper) whose neighbors cravenly abandon him at zero hour while a squad of gunmen are preparing to terrorize the community.

MANON: A French "modernization" of the eighteenth-century Abbé Prévost novel—and containing, unfortunately, none of the operatic music which the same story evoked from Massenet and Puccini. It has its effective moments, but little Cécile Aubry looks too juvenile for her steamy role as a temptress whose morose lover becomes a black marketeer so he can surround her with luxuries.

MR. LORD SAYS "NO!": In spite of a failure to live up to the comic promise of its basic situation this is a fairly amusing British fable about a Cockney couple (Stanley Holloway and Kathleen Harrison) who defend their 'umble 'ome against all invaders, including the government.

PAT AND MIKE: The creators of Born Yesterday have come up with another rowdy but literate comedy which is, I think, a honey of a show. Pat, an all-round woman athlete (Katharine Hepburn), signs up with Mike, a hard-boiled promoter (Spencer Tracy), and their adventures are a lot of fun for an audience. An addled prizefighter (Aldo Ray) is also divertingly involved.

RED MOUNTAIN: A competent but utterly routine outdoor action film in which imperturbable southern Captain Alan Ladd does his soldierly utmost for the Confederacy in the wild, wicked west. Arthur Kennedy and John Ireland are among his antagonists.

THE SNIPER: "Thoughtful" and "exciting" are by no means contradictory adjectives in assessing the merits of this psychological suspense drama. It's about an unusual sex criminal (Arthur Franz) who paralyzes a city with horror by killing attractive brunettes with a high-powered rifle. The suspense and poignancy of the story are maintained right up to and including the very final close-up.

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR: Producer-director George Stevens, who did A Place in the Sun, lavishes his gifts in vain on this soap-opera script. It tells of a reformed drunk (Ray Milland) who struggles inside a triangle with his wise and noble wife (Teresa Wright) and a jittery actress (Joan Fontaine).

WALK EAST ON BEACON: The conventional spy-ring plot has its share of corn and nonsense, although the picture does offer a graphic study of actual G-man operations.

GILMOUR RATES

An American in Paris: Musical. Tops.
Anything Can Happen: Comedy. Good.
Battle at Apache Pass: Injuns. Fair.
Belles on Their Toes: Comedy. Fair.
The Big Trees: Action drama. Poor.
Boots Malone: Turf drama. Excellent.
Bride of the Gorilla: Fantasy. Poor.
Deadline, U. S. A.: Press drama. Good.
Encore: Maugham "package." Good.
5 Fingers: Spy drama. Excellent.
Flesh and Fury: Boxing drama. Fair.
The Greatest Show on Earth: DeMille circus melodrama. Fair.
High Treason: Spy drama. Fair.
His Excellency: Comedy-drama. Good.
Hong Kong: Melodrama. Fair.
Hoodlum Empire: Crime drama. Fair.
Hunted: British crime drama. Good.
It's a Big Country: Eight stories. Fair.
Lady Godiva Rides Again: Satirical British comedy. Good.
Lydia Bailey: Adventure. Good.
Macao: Far East whodunit. Poor.
Maltese Falcon: Crime (reissue). Tops.
Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness comedy. Excellent.
Marrying Kind: Comedy-drama. Good.
Les Misérables: Costume drama. Fair.
My Six Convicts: Comedy-drama. Good.
My Son John: "Message" drama. Fair.
Olympic Elk: Wildlife short. Good.
On Dangerous Ground: Drama. Fair.
Outcast of the Islands: Drama. Good.
Phone Call From a Stranger: Comedy-drama. Good.
A Place in the Sun: Drama. Tops.
The Pride of St. Louis: Major-league baseball comedy. Good.
Quo Vadis: Bible spectacle. Good.
Retreat, Hell!: War drama. Fair.
Return of the Texan: Western. Good.
La Ronde: French satirical comedy for adults. Excellent.
Rooty-Toot-Toot: Cartoon fable. Tops.
Royal Journey: Fact feature. Excellent.
Singin' in the Rain: Musical. Good.
Steel Town: Action romance. Fair.
Symphony of Life: War & music. Fair.
Tembo: Jungle travelogue. Fair.
Il Trovatore: Filmed opera. Good.
Unknown World: Science fiction. Poor.
Viva Zapata!: Mexico drama. Good.
With a Song in My Heart: Musical biography. Excellent.
The Wild North: Mountie drama. Good.
You Can't Beat the Irish: Comedy. Fair.

An Ikon for Irena

Continued from page 19

official had warned him bluntly that he would have to prove his conclusions in a hurry. The State would not tolerate the use of valuable materials for long without results. Such items as steel pipe and drilling bits were too rare to waste.

And so far the well had eaten up quantities of both and its progress had been plagued by delays.

The drilling could not be started on schedule because some vital equipment had gone astray. Then the strata of harder stone had proven to be thicker than Petrov had expected them to be. Three times the drilling mud had frozen in the shaft, until he'd discovered that salt water in the mix would keep it liquid. These circumstances had been impossible to explain to a State that did not accept excuses. Petrov knew that the pressure of jealous colleagues plus the fact the State still had no oil for its investment meant that he could extend his time no further. Already he could sense that Moscow's patience, tried by his difficulties, was swiftly running out.

The electric logging record was the first comfort he'd had. Every little hill and valley on the strip of paper recorded certain geological conditions the drilling bit had met and passed. They were as he had surmised. With a spell of luck a few days more should see the well at the level where he was certain oil would be found.

Smiling with the hope of success—not because it would bring him glory but because it would stem from unchangeable fact — Petrov folded the strip of paper. He slipped it into his greatcoat pocket. It was summer on the Arctic plains but that only meant a variation in the degree of coldness. The one gift of the season was an absence of snow. Now the stony tundra was mottled with patches of greyish-green moss. The long, unpainted frame buildings of the camp thrust themselves from the cold earth like weathered ridges of rock.

Petrov hurried along the ribbon of path as he neared the camp. He looked without seeing at the dormitories, the hospital, the tractor garage and the administration building where the red flag flapped and slapped at its pole. If anything had been one inch out of place—a refuse can moved from its usual spot, a guy wire down from an aerial pole at the radio shed—Petrov would mark it instantly. But as long as things were in order he did not notice. His only interest now was to show Irena the log. He half-ran along the main path to the administration building, turning up the branch that led to the end where he and Irena had two cubbyholes.

"Irena!" he called excitedly, the door banging behind him. "Irena! Come look at the log!"

Years ago, and then very dimly, Anatoli Petrov had been aware that his wife was a beautiful woman. Though he had long since dismissed her beauty in favor of more important facts she still had her looks. She was tall—as tall as Petrov—with high cheekbones and skin so white it made her black hair shine with glossy brilliance. She was dressed like a man, which was appropriate for she did a man's work—Irena Petrov was the doctor in charge of the camp hospital. His wife's medical training was the fact making it possible for Petrov to have her with him in the Arctic. Here, again, the geologist admitted the importance of reason over sentiment. A doctor was of use. A wife could only be classed as a pleasant, but unnecessary, luxury at the Arctic camp. He was proud of her ability, although alarmed that she often worked herself to physical exhaustion.

From the competent eagerness with which Irena examined the log it was plain she shared Petrov's interests as well as his outlook on life.

"You are nearing the Permian zone, Professor!" Since the days of their honeymoon Irena had addressed her husband by his academic title.

"Yes. In spite of the trouble we've had we should be in the oil-bearing structure soon." Petrov smiled with the sudden surprised enthusiasm of a small boy.

Irena's dark eyes glowed. The color flushed under the white skin of her cheeks and her head lifted in quick pride. "I'm so happy. It will be wonderful to have accomplished this work."

She took his hand, squeezing it softly. They stood like that for a few moments, until they recollected themselves. Then the geologist and his wife turned brusquely back to their separate duties.

THE NEXT few days were so important that Petrov did not dare to leave the drilling site. There was too much at stake. Moscow was getting more obviously impatient. Petrov knew the full responsibility was on his shoulders. The men working the rig were competent enough, but they had to be watched all the time. Even though their jobs were mechanical ones they made mistakes constantly. Those he had hand-picked to come on the expedition could be trusted to do most tasks well. The rest had been appointed by the Party, of course. They were

Who'll Buy My Alibi?

Some recent reasons for wrongdoing that broke the gloom in scattered courtrooms

By PAUL STEINER

A Brantford, Ont., man giving testimony at his wife's bigamy trial told the judge he thought her first husband was "just another boy friend who didn't want me around."

Charged with robbery, a man in Vienna said in his own defense that it was all due to a blood transfusion he received during a recent illness. He must have been given the blood of a thief.

In Cairo, Ismail Hassan, jailed for attempted murder, came up with this alibi: "I had dreamed my brother's head was a melon and so I tried to cut it open with my knife to see if it was a good one."

In Fort William, Ont., a man gave his reason for starting a forest fire — he wanted to be employed putting it out.

Near Albany, N.Y., a state game protector came upon an out-of-season hunter who had just shot a grouse in flight. "I thought it was a rabbit," the hunter explained.

In Miami Beach, Fla., a pickpocket told arresting officers he lived in Chicago but came south because "people wear so many clothes back home you can't get at their wallets."

In Waco, Tex., a youth admitted stealing a movie projector, but explained he took it "to show religious films at church revival meetings."

In Paris, France, an exasperated husband told police why he pushed his wife out of a window: "It was the quickest way to stop her nagging."

A Toronto man, arrested for assaulting a total stranger who came to his door, told police: "I thought he was one of my wife's relatives."

Caught in the act of trying to blow a safe, a Dallas, Tex., man explained he was going on trial the next day for armed robbery and needed some money.

In Decatur, Ill., a man complained he was arrested unjustly for eating drinking glasses in a local tavern. "I paid for every glass I ate," he protested.

In Edmonton, Alta., a youth charged with twenty-one counts of automobile theft and shopbreaking explained in court: "I didn't want to steal cars, but I didn't have no transportation to get out in the country and rob stores at night, so I had to steal cars to get to my jobs."

DRAWINGS BY THORNE

responsible for political activity, and Petrov knew they sent their own reports of affairs back to Moscow. He had grown used to the necessity of their inefficiency, however, accepting the facts of government which didn't interest him at all. After many years of putting up with Party bunglers on his jobs he explained away their slowness as understandable since they, too, were dealing with something they knew nothing about. In all his work schedules he allowed for the margin needed because of their waste. Now he stayed at the drilling site to be sure they did not exceed that margin.

But the men worrying him most on this job were the natives. It would have been prohibitively expensive to import unskilled labor to this remote region. Petrov had been given authority to use the Yakuts, the nomadic Turkic tribesmen who for centuries had grazed their reindeer across the endless tundra. They were to do the manual work. There was plenty of that. Coal had to be mined from a seam which had been charted years before by an early Arctic explorer, then carried to the camp power plant and the rig's steam boiler. There had been the work of setting up the camp buildings. And the Yakuts did all the heavy surface labor, too. One of them was even driving a tractor, pulling loads of coal from the mine to the rig.

He'd expected these natives to give him trouble, but not quite in the way they chose. Before coming to the Arctic, Petrov had imagined the Yakuts as children. He'd anticipated careful instruction in the simple details they would have to know in order to work. Also needed would be an elementary political education, so they might grasp the full implication of the work they would be doing. These things, he thought, would take time at the beginning. He was rather hopeful about the political training being easily absorbed. The Party had spent much time instructing all the peoples of Russia, even tribes as remote and unlettered as the Yakuts on this cold rim of the Soviet world.

From the beginning the Yakuts had not responded according to plan. It was not that they were backward about learning the work. After being shown what wanted doing they did it perfectly. In fact, they were rather a nuisance about work. They asked about other jobs and wanted to try them, too. This interest nettled Petrov. He was used to workmen doing what was assigned to them, no more. That was how work was meant to go: each completing his own task without continually asking questions about another's.

Nor could he exactly complain about their political indoctrination. The Yakuts were attentive listeners to the lectures given them at night in the administration building. Seated in a ring at the political instructor's feet, their fur-lined coats steaming in the heat, they flashed white teeth in their yellowed faces and eagerly bobbed their sleek black heads. They remembered all they were told. Even the Yakut children could repeat the glorious history of Josef Stalin and reel off names and dates from the times of the October Revolution. Yet Petrov was uneasily aware that somewhere, something was wrong.

They didn't have the proper attitude about the value of their labors to the Motherland, for one thing. He'd intended to impress them with the honor of this work. Their pay was to have been the few stores they needed to live. Having little, Petrov reasoned, they would be satisfied with little. But they'd refused his offer. Before getting them to work he'd been forced to triple his wage offering. That had not only set the drilling back, it was a fact he knew would require involved explanations in Moscow. But it was that or seeing the whole Yakut tribe melt into the tundra at the heels of their reindeer herds.

Another irritating trait was even more serious. These people—simple, primitive, almost unaware of the privilege the fact of Soviet citizenship implied—were corrupt with superstition. Nor did they try to hide their failing. One of the first questions Uluk, the old but still physically powerful Yakut leader, put to him was to ask the date of Easter! The chieftain's long, narrow eyes had been grave, telling Petrov he was afraid the tribe might have been incorrectly celebrating the resurrection of Our Lord. Naïvely, Uluk had explained the tribe had seen no priest for years, that the Yakuts wanted to be sure their own calculations of the date were accurate!

Petrov almost felt sorry for the man.

He remembered the old people in Moscow who still superstitiously crossed themselves while passing buildings that had once been churches but were now museums or classrooms. He'd taken advanced scientific courses for awhile in such a building, laughing with the other students at the janitor who accused them of sacrilege because they smoked and kept their hats on indoors. Poor fellow! He couldn't grasp facts, any more than could this primitive Uluk ceremoniously calling down the blessing of God.

At least this last period of drilling was an effective antidote to all the childish fancies of the Yakuts. They'd been getting under Professor Petrov's skin. The hymns they sang at their work, their ritualistic thanks before eating food, their trust in a power beyond the world had begun to seem almost natural in the eternity of flatness stretching all about the skeletal derrick, washing around the huddled buildings of the camp. Within the past week Petrov had actually come upon a Yakut kneeling on the cold tundra, his face glazed with stupid ecstasy as he prayed. After such nonsense, contact with the realities of drilling was reassuring.

Petrov thoughtfully rubbed a pinch of the mud that flowed up from the well. The feel of the telltale bits of ground rock and clay the mud brought with it spoke volumes. The fragments gave him a running record of just where the drill bit was cutting. He kept a wary eye on the driller and the boilerman, capable workmen both but inclined to forget the limitations of their equipment. Already there had been one half-day breakdown. And he had prevented a real disaster by seconds when he'd checked a pressure gauge the boilerman was supposed to be watching.

With the same intent anxiety that he gave gauges and drill pipe, Petrov watched the Yakut laborers shoveling coal into the boiler and mixing mud in the mud pit. All during his anxious supervision he jotted down dial readings, times, mud densities and other pertinent facts. It was comforting to put the circumstantial details into crisp letters and symbols.

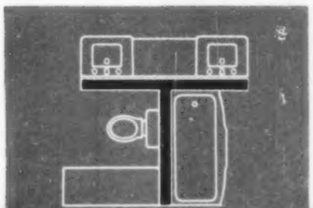
"Why do you write all the time?"

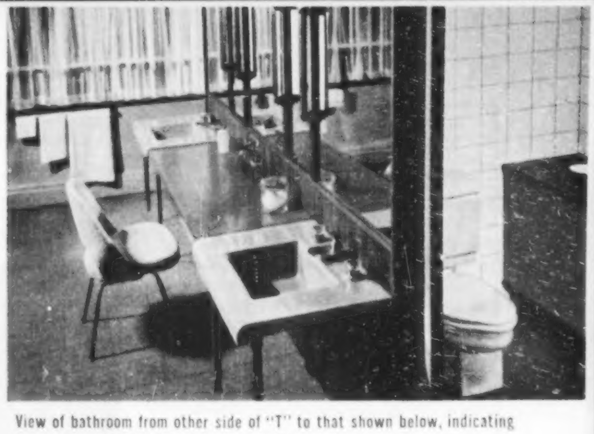
Uluk was asking the question. He stood by the frozen coal pile near the drilling rig where he'd been helping some of his tribesmen. Uluk was too important to be assigned menial work. He spent his time seeing that the others did their jobs. If Uluk found someone tiring he pitched in on the task. Sometimes he worked alongside one of the

Continued on page 26

an exciting
new and practical
bathroom idea . . .

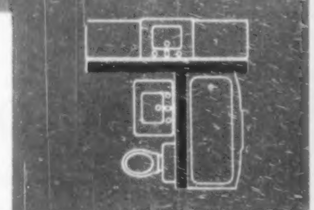
The FAMILY "T"





View of bathroom from other side of "T" to that shown below, indicating how toilet facilities have been planned for maximum privacy.

(Above) FOUR'S NOT A CROWD in a "T". Note sliding doors which permit closing off sections when desired. The fixtures are from Crane's Criterion group.



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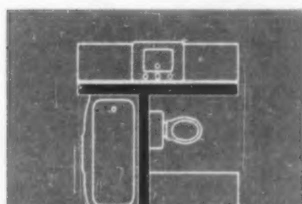
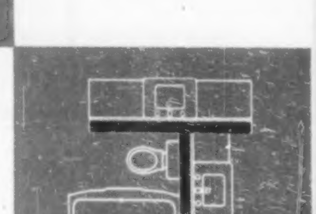


Here are but three of many other ways in which the "T" idea may be adapted.



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Continued from page 24

Yakuts just from sociability. The two tribesmen, thickset and jovial, would sing and laugh together as though at play.

"I keep an accurate record of everything that happens," said Petrov patiently. It occurred to him that this man might be shown the foolishness of his beliefs by a simple exposure to science.

"And what does this writing tell you?" Uluk was greatly interested.

"It tells me facts so I can determine what is in the earth, thousands of meters below. Knowing them, I can find the oil hidden there."

"The earth is God's." Now Uluk seemed less puzzled, more sure of himself. "We have been told that He has bound up the secrets of the earth, and of Heaven and Hell besides. Then you must write in your book the things the priests once read to us from the Book of God."

"I write down facts," said Petrov, sharply. "Those things the priests told you long ago were dreams, imaginings. These are the records of science. Because of them Russia is great, not a backward country as in the days of priests."

"That may be true." Uluk's tone expressed doubt. "But then there were many reindeer in the north. Since the time when officials came from Moscow and made us drive the reindeer all together so they died by the thousands for the lack of feed, our herds have not been the same. Nor have our people been happy since the priests have gone. Our children cannot marry. Our dead cannot be buried in the ways that are fitting to God."

Petrov sighed. Closing his notebook, he laid it on the timber railing of the derrick platform. Against the steamy chuffing of the boiler and the whir of the rotary table turning the bit far down in the well, he pitched his voice in another effort to make the short sallow-skinned nomad understand.

"Things may have *seemed* better to you then, Uluk. But they were not. Now the State has the interest of the people at heart. It encourages the development of Russian men and Russian resources. Look at this." Petrov pointed up at the stark latticework of the derrick. "Do you remember any drilling for oil in the Siberian Arctic in the days of czars and priests?"

"No," said Uluk, simply. "But I do not remember the need for it, either. What is this oil to do? There are no roads here. Nothing but moss grows on the tundra. We Yakuts have no machines. The oil will be too far from the rest of Russia to be used by the people who live there."

"It will be used *here*," said Petrov. "The State will order a refinery built in this region. Then ships of the Red Fleet may fuel in the Arctic Ocean. Then planes of the Red Air Force may fly from bases here in the north."

Uluk wrinkled his low forehead under its black bang of hair. "Why are these ships and planes needed among the Yakuts?"

"To protect Russia from those who would attack her from the north." Petrov's voice went flat. He spoke in his classroom tone, as though reading a lesson he had himself heard many times before. From the doubting look on the chieftain's face it was plain the argument was not impressing Uluk.

Petrov decided on the third, and psychological, approach. "If priests are so necessary to life, Uluk, then why are the ways of your people so pleasant? You are all well fed and clothed. You laugh and joke among yourselves at work. Your children are strong, your wives good to look upon. Would you not be less fortunate if the absence of priests was really important?"

"No." Uluk answered without a moment's pause. "Though the priests have gone, and with them the word of God, we still have our Ikon."

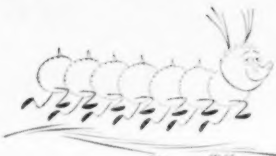
"An ikon!" Petrov could not hide his contempt. "An image made by the church is worse than a dream," he said with finality. He was tired of arguing with this simpleton.

"But this is a picture of the Son of God." Uluk ignored Petrov's scorn. Now he was the one explaining, slowly and patiently, trying to make Petrov understand. "In times of great need the Ikon helps us. When the moss is dying we pray before it so we may have food for our reindeer. When the snows will not go in the spring, or when our children lie ill, we also pray. It is very old and powerful. The Ikon is in my tent now. If you would like I will take you there so you may see for yourself how fine a thing it is."

"Thanks, Uluk, but I won't trouble you." The geologist gave up in the face of such obstinate ignorance. Probably, he thought, it was useless trying to salvage the minds of the old ones. "These figures and facts of mine are more useful than ikons. If you can't see that, your children will discover it in time."

Picking up his notebook from the splintery railing Professor Petrov walked down the steps of the drilling platform, brushed past Uluk and went around once more to check on the boiler gauges.

A DAY later, with the bit grinding two thousand metres below the drilling platform, cutting almost to the edge of what Petrov hoped would be oil sands, trouble struck again in spite of all his care. The long thin stem of pipe twisting in its sheath of mud snapped off near the bottom of the well.



The Auburn Traveler

Clamped upon my leather heel,
Like an edging of chenille,

A caterpillar, redly furred,
Clung contentedly, and purred;

At least, his immobility,
Made that soundless sound to me—

Then visited with homesick haste,
He dropped his jointed length and
raced

The thousand-bladed grasses,
where
He sought his twilight, tangled
lair,

And slithered forward in a furry
Undulating auburn hurry;

Tourist on my leather heel,
Did you desperately feel

Like other travelers before you,
Continued journeying would bore
you?

That you must reach familiar
haunts
To rest your legs for further
jaunts?

—Martha Banning Thomas

After drawing up and stacking more than a mile of pipe, Petrov was left with an empty hole. Near its bottom was a hollow section of metal and a jammed bit that must be removed before the well could be finished and oil brought in.

Fishing for pipe and bit far down in the earth was a ticklish job at best. But this one was worse than usual. Petrov had sweated these problems out before. He had, in fact, made his own grappling tools to supplement those issued by the Equipment Section of the Soviet Ministry for Oil. Foreign oil journals often carried descriptions of devices used for such purposes in the decadent British and American petroleum industries. Though surprised by these signs of technical vigor he'd adapted many of the ideas for his own use. Even these didn't seem to work now.

Time after maddening time, Petrov would sense the grappling tool take hold. It would begin lifting the broken pipe and bit, only to have them slip free and fall to the bottom of the hole. He half-crouched on the platform, staring at the pulley block joggling up and down in its efforts to get the grapple in place. As the pulley line slowly began raising the broken stem he'd start to relax. Then the miserable experience would begin all over again. Finally, Petrov began operating the pulley himself. After the grapple was fast to the broken piece, he'd apply power to the pulley with agonizing slowness, holding his breath in fierce concentration. But he had no more luck than the regular pulleyman. A slight difference in feel, almost imperceptible to anyone not trained on a drilling rig, would tell him he must try again.

Petrov began to worry. If he didn't get the bit out soon he would be in serious trouble. The messages from Moscow had been full of curt questions for the past three days. The last had ordered him to abandon the project, break up the camp and return. He could guess to what he'd return. Desperately gambling on success he'd sent a short reply that oil had been found. Now he had to find it soon or be exposed by a contrary report from one of the Moscow appointees in his crew.

All day he worked trying to clear the well. Through the grey half-night of the Arctic summer he kept on trying. Irena came down from the administration building with hot food for him. The Yakuts, clustering around the drilling platform aware that something was wrong and too filled with childlike curiosity to leave until the trouble was mended, murmured with pleasure as Irena came across the tundra. They all loved her. She treated them like the children they were, making them presents of wooden tongue depressors and bits of bandage at the hospital, joking with them while giving inoculations. They laughed and waved when she went up on the platform and opened the pot of hot food. Petrov wolfed it down without stopping his work.

"Do you think it will take much longer, Professor?" Irena tactfully did not suggest defeat.

"It shouldn't!" Petrov's voice was taut with exhaustion. "It's really a simple break. I've examined the end of the pipe and there's nothing unusual about the problem. The shaft is straight. The casing is keeping the well clean. And I'm using exactly the right grapple for a problem like this one. By all the rules we should have had everything fixed by now."

"I'm sure you will soon, Professor." Irena's words were as affectionate as a caress.

Petrov was too absorbed to notice her tone, or too worried to respond with affection.

"I'd better get it cleared soon. You know what this well means to us. The ministry has already received news of my success and I don't have much time to make good on the report. It's not that I'm afraid of there not being oil here. I'm as sure of that as geological fact can make me. But this delay on top of all the others could be fatal right now. There are too many men back at the ministry who would like an excuse to get rid of me for good. And I'll have to tell the truth about conditions in my radio report soon, or run the risk of tales I can't control from here."

"Just don't worry. That's the main thing now." Irena smiled but got no answer. Petrov was trying to secure the grapple again. She leaned back against the railing, admiring her husband who seemed so sure with the tools of his profession. It felt cold to her on the drilling platform. She shivered slightly and turned up her collar.

"What has gone wrong with the Professor's well?" Uluk was standing on the ground below, his black eyes shining like buttons in the yellow circle thrown around the base of the derrick by the rig's working lights. The tone of his voice was curious but respectful.

"The pipe has broken off down in the earth." Irena turned away to cough, then bent her face down toward the squat tribal chief. "Now he must catch hold of it down there and bring it back up so the drilling can go on." She smiled at Uluk while speaking. Irena was especially fond of the old man.

Uluk warmed under her interest. His voice betrayed his concern as he glanced

at Petrov, so taken up with the operation of the pulley that he neither saw nor heard what was going on.

"It is bad to lose the pipe, is it not? All day the Professor has been disturbed. We have watched him frowning and talking to himself."

"Yes," said Irena, softly, careful not to let Petrov hear. "It is bad to lose the pipe." She went on, glad of someone to whom she could pour out her worries. "Losing this pipe is particularly bad. This well must be finished soon and oil found, or the State will be very angry." The prospect of failure, which she had tried to ignore, clutched at Irena's heart. She felt chilled in spite of her warm coat and shuddered involuntarily. "But he will have the bit up soon."

Uluk looked at her keenly, his black eyes soft. He stood there, deep in thought, before speaking.

"I should like to help him." Surprising as the offer was, Uluk seemed serious.

"That is very generous of you, but I'm afraid there is little you can do." Irena spoke with kindness. "You see, this is a technical problem. It takes much study to understand. Though the Professor would be grateful for your offer he is the only one with the knowledge needed to clear the well."

Uluk waved her explanation aside. "I have heard about knowledge. The Professor has told me of that. I was speaking of help that is even better—help from the Ikon."

"What do you mean?" Irena was bewildered.

"Whenever we have great trouble and need special help we pray before our Ikon. It is a good thing for men to do."

"I don't think that would aid the Professor." Irena was patient, though her reaction to the ikon was the same as her husband's. "He must do this work himself."

"But let us try," Uluk pleaded. He smiled up at her, not asking a favor but for the privilege of helping a friend.

Irena hesitated. She remembered the Professor's scorn when telling her of the Yakut superstitions. If he thought such nonsense was being practiced in his behalf he would not like it. And, though she was more tolerant than Petrov of the old ways, it also made her sad to see people delude themselves.

But Uluk was insistent. She couldn't bring herself to insult him by refusing aid so proudly offered.

"You *will* say it is not against your wishes for us to try to help Professor Petrov?" The chief smiled up at Irena, seeing that his persistence was having effect.

"Yes, Uluk, if you people would like to do so."

Irena turned back to watch Petrov. He was still trying to clear the well. Seeing the worried frown on his face made her sad. She coughed violently, turning her head again so he would not notice.

If she had realized what her permission would involve Irena would never have given it. When the Yakuts left in a group she assumed Uluk had taken them back to their reindeer-hide tents to pray for help. She had, in fact, congratulated herself when the clusters of spectators vanished. Irena had been afraid the audience might begin to get on Petrov's nerves.

But, looking across the half-dark tundra, she saw that Uluk intended to bring the ikon to the rig itself.

The Yakuts had lighted torches and were coming back in a slow procession across the plain, moving to the tune of a deep chant. Uluk was carrying the ikon in the lead. The torches flared brightly as the procession neared the derrick. The lights and the low voices

MACLEAN'S

"Your bid, Mr. Wingate . . . YOUR BID, MR. WINGATE!"

suddenly reminded Irena of her early childhood, something she hadn't thought of for years. Then, in the village church, there had been processions like this. The sound of chanting, and the sight of censers smoking with heavy clouds of incense, came back to her as though she were still a little girl. She stared at the ikon, moving with the procession. The angular figure was beautifully executed. It was obviously the masterwork of some sixteenth-century artist, lovingly painted in a northern monastery and probably carried to the Yakuts by some missionary priest. Through the flickering light the great sad eyes looked at her with a strange intensity.

"What are those fools doing?" Petrov was by her side. The chanting and the torchlight had distracted him from his work.

"Uluk asked me if they might help you by praying to their ikon. I had no idea they'd bring it over here. Do you want me to ask them to take it back to their camp?" Irena looked anxiously at her husband.

"You might as well ask the reindeer not to graze the tundra." Petrov pointed contemptuously. "Look at Uluk! He's so carried away with his foolishness that he couldn't hear himself, let alone you. No, we'd better let them finish. I've got more serious matters to worry about." He watched them for another moment, then went back to the job.

Irena stood by the railing, trembling in the night air, while the Yakuts circled the rig. Their faces, usually smiling, were fixed with solemn fervor. Their voices exulted in the ancient chant, the words of the ritual swelling across the dusky tundra. The ikon was carried on a long staff, which two young boys held when Uluk finally halted the procession. He faced the image with the rest of the tribe behind him.

Then, without a word, they all knelt on the cold earth and began to pray.

Irena had not meant to be impressed, but she couldn't help herself. The sight of those bare-headed figures kneeling before the ikon affected her deeply. She felt sorry for those simple people whose trust was so misplaced. If she could only make them understand, to show them their error without disappointing them too bitterly. This was the kind of devotion, she thought, that only the State deserved.

The spectacle held her so long that she forgot about Petrov. When she turned to watch him Irena immediately sensed the change. The pulley cables were running smoothly through the blocks, bringing the pipe steadily up the shaft. She stood by her husband and held his hand until the broken piece of stem and the bit were safely out of the well. Petrov smiled at her in sudden relief.

"The coincidence couldn't have been happier for Uluk. He won't stop talking about this for awhile."

Irena smiled back, happy because the strain was past. "You're right. Here he comes now to crow about it."

Uluk did not seem surprised to find the workmen fitting a new bit to the end of the stem. His face was still grave, but pleasant.

"It is all right now, Professor? The well is clear?"

"Yes," said Petrov. "Now the drilling can go on."

"We are glad for you," said Uluk, simply. "We knew that the Ikon would not fail."

Petrov didn't try to answer. He smiled at the old chief and lifted his shoulders helplessly as he turned to his wife.

OIL CAME in at 2040 metres, a fine, high-gravity crude with a steady flow. Petrov knew there were millions of barrels in the pool. He said as much when he sent a full report to Moscow. The reply more than repaid all his work and worry. It was not the nature of the message—containing the briefest formal acknowledgment—but the fact that it was signed by one of the highest Party officials. Petrov knew he had done very well indeed.

There was a celebration at the rig with all the workmen—Yakuts included—drinking vodka and singing rousing songs. Everyone felt gay about the success of the well. Professor Petrov and his wife walked down from the camp to have a drink and enjoy themselves with the men. Looking at her, Petrov could not remember her ever having such a high color before.

Uluk was the first one they saw. He laughed and smashed the flat of his hand on the bottom of a vodka bottle, crying gleefully as the cork popped out. "Are you not happy, Professor, now that the Ikon has helped you?"

Petrov's smile was indulgent. "Science found the oil, Uluk. The shaft would have been cleared with, or without, your prayers to the ikon."

"No, no, Professor!" Uluk was shocked. "The well was cleared because we brought the Ikon here! Surely you must realize that."

"I only realize that my grapple caught the broken pipe, as I knew that it would all along. Such occurrences are not uncommon, Uluk. That is fact, like all the rest of the world."

"Facts only begin to tell the story of the world," Uluk said simply. They could see he was hurt.

Irena hurriedly broke into the conversation. "Don't quarrel with Uluk, Professor. This is no time for arguments." She smiled but without real gaiety. She felt that her eyes were burning in her head.

Petrov noticed how unwell she suddenly looked. His eyes searched her face closely. "Shall we go back to the camp? I'm sure Uluk will excuse us."

"If you don't mind, Professor. It's silly of me, but I am so tired I can hardly stand." She smiled weakly at Uluk. They went back along the path with the noise of the celebration growing dimmer in the distance, Petrov half-carrying her most of the way.

By the next morning both Petrov and his wife knew the truth. Working with quick detachment, and using her last reserves of energy, Irena made a series of tests. She ran through them twice, like a good technician, carefully examining blood and sputum smears under her microscope to doublecheck her findings. There could be no mistake. She had been stricken with miliary tuberculosis, a virulent form of the disease. It had evidently lain dormant in her for years, fostered by poor food and long hours, to break out after the rigors of Arctic life. Now her blood was filled with the tubercle bacillus, infecting her organs as it flowed through them. Already the disease had weakened her gravely.

Petrov sat by her bed, his head in his hands. The triumph of his oil discovery was forgotten in the horror that faced him now. Then he roused himself to action.

For two days he fought the disease tirelessly. He ate little himself in his effort to tempt Irena's appetite. Her white face grew paler by the hour. The skin beneath her eyes became dark. The veins stood ridged and knotted on the backs of her hands. Petrov gave her all the medicines he could find recommended in her books, although they seemed to have no effect. But he fought on stubbornly, using every trick he knew to give her strength and make her smile.

Irena spoke to him once when she had her breath. "It is not far away, Professor." She caught his hand on the bed covers and pressed it weakly. "I have seen too many die with this to think it can last much longer."

"Don't be foolish, dearest." Petrov brushed aside her words and forced a smile. "You're going to get better. You've *got* to get better."

Irena turned her face to the unpainted board wall. She did not say a word.

The technicians and the other members of the expedition came to the door, one by one, to offer help. But there was nothing they could do except mumble their regret and go away again. Petrov was grateful for their interest, but he wished they would stay away. He hated to leave Irena for a moment. The second night he refused to go to the door. The knocking was so insistent, however, that he finally got up from the side of the bed and went to see who was there.

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Uluk stood outside on the path. His long dark eyes were soft with sorrow. "When will the Doctor be well enough to see us again? We are sad to learn she is ill."

The sight of Uluk stiffened Petrov's resolve. He smiled at the chieftain. "She will be well soon. She is very sick just now but we have good medicines to cure her. If you will excuse me now I must get back to her bedside."

Uluk turned away and walked down the pathway into the summer dusk.

Petrov forgot about the nomad when he got back to the bed. Irena was fighting for breath. She coughed in racking spasms until she grew so weak she could cough no more. Her eyes seemed sunk in her head. The lids burned feverishly to his touch. He set to work to fight death away from her again.

Perhaps an hour later he noticed the sound. It must have been going on for some time for, even after he became aware of it, Petrov could not be sure that it wasn't the wind on the Arctic plains. Twice he dismissed it from his mind as imagination. Then, after folding a fresh cold cloth and laying it on Irena's forehead, he tiptoed through the other room and opened the outside door.

For a moment he could not grasp what he saw. Then the torches flaring wildly in the dusk, the sight of dark figures kneeling before the frame building, and the low steady hum of the voices reminded him of the night at the rig when the shaft had been jammed. Of course! Uluk and his tribe had carried their ikon to the building. They were praying to it in the hope that Irena would be helped.

"Poor fools," he thought. But he was too busy to go out and ask them to go away. He had to get back to Irena. He worked in dull agony, trying by acting to keep his grief at bay. The sound of the praying never stopped. Once he went to the door and looked out again. The Yakuts were still kneeling before the building, their broad backs to the door. Over the round bowed head of Uluk the torch-lit eyes of the ikon stared serenely back.

When he went back to Irena's bedside she seemed to sleep easily. The fever slipped away from her body. Her breath became regular. Her limbs relaxed in rest. Relief flooded through him with the feeling the tide had turned. As the room whitened with dawn she stirred, opened her eyes and smiled at Petrov.

"Good-by, Anatoli." The words were faint but very clear.

Then the sound of her breathing diminished so gradually that it was difficult to tell in which instant she died.

FOR minutes Petrov could not move. He could not bring himself to believe Irena was gone. His hands clenched and unclenched helplessly. The ache of emptiness spread through him like a stain. Then, very gently, he pulled the sheet over Irena's face and walked numbly into the next room. There the low hum of voices broke through the icy walls of his thought.

Pushing the door open he stepped out among the kneeling Yakuts. All the weariness and grief exploded in his words.

"You may stop praying to your ikon, Uluk!" he shouted bitterly. "My wife is dead! Medicine could not save her, nor could your senseless prayers. You must acknowledge now that your bit of paint and wood is just that, and no more!"

Uluk rose to his feet and came to Petrov. His face was kind. Behind him the low sound of the prayers never stopped.

"I have not said the Ikon was more than that, Professor. We pray to God, not to paint and wood. The Ikon helps us talk to God more easily, that is all."

He smiled gently at the geologist. "Nor have I said we are always answered in the fashion we may desire. This time God has answered that it is His will your wife should die. The will of God is always good. You may be sure of that, even if it does not fit man's facts exactly. It is not for man to say what the will of God shall be. We ask only to be part of God's plan."

Petrov looked deep into the eyes of the chieftain. He thought of speaking but realized that nothing would ever really be worth talking about again. The world was now too empty for words. Instead, he turned and went back through the door. As it closed he was struck by the look on Uluk's face. It was that of a man who had great compassion but, even more, deep within him a profound abiding peace.

Somehow that look made Anatoli Iliytch Petrov wonder more than anything he had ever seen before. ★

"Pardon me, sir, that seat is taken."

Who Wants to Kiss a Beard?

Continued from page 15

warriors were seizing his Macedonians by their chin whiskers, cuing up their heads and lopping them off, while feinting with their own shaven chins.

The Romans adopted shaving about 296 B.C. when Ticinius Mena dropped in from Sicily to set up a barber shop. The idea so captivated Rome that Ovid rhymed:

> Let exercise your body brown;
> Don't slobber; see your teeth are clean;
> Your hair well cut and brushed quite down;
> Your cheeks close shaved with razor keen;
> Your toga spotless white and neat;
> Your sandals fitting to your feet.

Monks were among the first to shave regularly in England. The monks of St. Augustine in Canterbury shaved one another regularly until 1266 when they hired a professional barber.

Daily shaving became popular in England about 1660. But the anti-shaving faction didn't give up easily. In 1860 a Cambridge man, who signed himself Theologos, wrote:

> While thousands of devout Christians are wending their way to the sanctuary of the church, lo! in every by-street a shaving shop stands open and through the glazed door you see what? A human face, soaped and lathered to the eyes with another immortal being standing at his side, one hand grasping his victim's nose and the other defying the commandment of God with uplifted steel!

Until 1895 self-shaving was a risky business. Then an American traveling salesman named King C. Gillette thought up the safety razor with replaceable blades.

"If the time, money, energy and brain power wasted in the barber shops of America were applied to direct effort," argued Gillette, "the Panama Canal could be dug in four hours."

The Panama Canal was dug anyway but Gillette's idea caught on and he was rewarded with a fortune and his picture on one hundred billion blade wrappers. So well known was the face on the blade package that, on a tour of Egypt, Gillette was once surrounded by an admiring crowd of natives who pointed him out by scraping their faces with bent forefingers.

Within fifty years advertising copywriters exulted that the safety razor had changed the face of mankind. Recently a Gillette agent plunged into South America to spread the razor-blade gospel among the native tribes and met a savage wearing a necklace of his company's product.

In 1930 Col. Jacob Schick invented the electric razor. A new, relatively comfortable method of shaving, it whipped promotion men to a frenzy. One pioneer salesman offered a man five pounds to rig up a generator in his car, park in London's Piccadilly Circus and shave with an electric razor, but at the last moment the subject lost his nerve.

Still these signs of progress do not move the common pogonotomist. He reads the advertisements, samples new razors and preparations, listens faithfully to his radio and obediently to his wife. And each morning he shaves. But deep within his heart there is no joy because he knows that whether he mows it with blade or electric shaver, sands it down with pumice stone, worries it out with clam shells or soaks it ten minutes under the tap, the beard has him beaten.

Come science, soap or hot water, it'll all grow back by tomorrow morning. ★

Will Women Ever Run the Country?

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still spinsters but spinsterhood is no longer a necessary condition of their lives. Whether spinsters, divorcees, widows, or just "semidetached" units, this enlarging group has one great common bond, they are on their own in earnings, life, and outlook.

For generations women in this third group were an almost invisible minority. Now, with more and more married women, educated, interested and freer to take part in matters of public concern, the centre of gravity is shifting and the woman with a mind of her own, whether in the home or on her own, is sworn of a new comradeship of sisters under the skin.

Women are in a better position than ever before to take their place in the man's world, when and if they choose to do so. And their patience with the man's world is wearing extremely thin.

It's already evident that the women of Britain are at the end of their tether; every budget of overseas mail reports more women councilors, more women mayors as voters go to the local elections—Bath, Norwich, Durham, Manchester, York, Peterborough: these are not small English hamlets to have had women chief magistrates, nor is Glasgow, with a woman now its deputy provost.

Fed Up With Frustration

Modern urban living has knocked down the walls of the home. Women's traditional work—preparation and serving of food, care of house and clothing, of the child, of the sick, of the aged—has been swept more and more into the domain of the community. And women are finding that they can't any longer manage them unless they take a hand in managing the State which has taken over the taxing and the spending of so much that affects the home.

The deeper the State's hand comes into the pay envelope, which has been the woman's concern over the centuries, the tighter she must try to make her grip on the spendthrift hand of the State.

Women are fed up with policies and practices which they do not understand any more than the mass of the male electorate, but which they do know are pulling the patterns of their lives completely out of shape. They are fed up with the endless frustration of that careful planning which is natural to a woman from the day she starts her hope chest until, by skimping and saving, she sees her boy or girl leave college.

For women must be further-sighted than men on the nearby thing—not on the fine new social order of 1975 but on the cost of beef tomorrow. The most patient women are impatient of the little things, of keeping prices up when they look like going down, of creating generally a sense of bewilderment and fatigue and, since they feel that they themselves couldn't make a worse job if they tried, it is only a matter of time until they make up their minds to try.

And, being women, they have begun by tackling the nearby things first. Right from coast to coast they have sallied out into the municipal government, still in quite disproportionately small numbers but with a verve and staying power that have not hitherto marked the direct emergence of Canadian women into the political scene.

They are working spontaneously rather than in any great pattern but their drive is bringing them out also in unprecedented strength into their party organizations, with less tractability than they used to show.

I predict there will be more women candidates in the federal election, and in more promising seats than in 1949, and that the party which puts up the most convincing array of women contestants can easily decide the elections of 1952 or 1953.

I do not mean women candidates will be run in large numbers but that a few thoroughly competent women nominees, obviously suitable for cabinet or ministerial assistants posts, who could draw the confidence and support of the heavy female vote, could swing many borderline constituencies.

Of course the Opposition parties naturally fear Mr. St. Laurent's ace-in-the-hole: the strategic appointment of two or three A1 women to the many senate vacancies in his gift. It would give the government first lead and a proof of honorable intentions in the wooing.

But, be that as it may, women have made up their minds this time, and, what is much more important, they have the support of solid strata of the male electorate as they have not had since the drive for their enfranchisement a generation ago. That has been my own heartening experience, running for controller and, by tragic circumstance, finding myself mayor of Canada's capital city.

My own thrust into office was figuratively on the shoulders of thousands of Ottawa's women of all ages, ranks, races and religions, headed by Mrs. Robert Dorman, a community leader never associated with a political party, with strategy handled by Mme. Cecile O'Regan, Liberal archtechnician, and Jeanne Travers, a continuing Conservative through all the vagaries of our party's experimental driving. But men came out en masse, too, to put me at the head of the polls in the business wards, to run me a second to a veteran Labor controller in his own ward.

And I have found little difference in service or attitude from either sex. Now, in my tenth month as mayor, I would say that men and women are possessed of the same instincts, swept by the same passions, capable of the same mental and spiritual power and growth. In the centuries their development has been different—and that explains different reactions in different sets of circumstances.

In my dealings with men I have come to learn what every case worker learns early in the welfare field—that by their signs ye shall know their homes. The man who treats his wife as a good companion is a fair challenging comrade in council, frank, determined, ready to argue a difference out, helpful in finding a common solution. He *never* tries to steal home plate. If proved wrong or rejected in his cause he usually shrugs his shoulders and says, "Well, perhaps next time."

But the man who has been a lady killer in his youth has generally begun that way, killing the lady who was his mother by yapping his vain little head off in his crib, and killing ladies all the way, sisters and teachers, by his arts, crafts or tantrums. And he tries it out in his business and public relations. It works with the woman who has been boy crazy from kindergarten to the divorce court.

A woman's much the same. A daddy's darling is apt to be the IODE's or the community's spoiled little pest unless she marries a man who sets out and makes her into a really useful member of society.

There is an innate decency in most men and I can witness to it in my

campaign, in council, the board of control and, what is most important, in the permanent staff through whom the Queen's government really goes on. The most seasoned of the politicians, the hard-bitten diehards who could be most expected to resent a female intruder, have often gone out of their way to warn me of pitfalls, into some of which, like any woman, I have chosen to ride headlong.

Headlong? Yes, perhaps again because women can't defer and delay. Now a man can sit around and smoke until snow and weather suit for snaking logs out of the swamp, but his wife has to have the porridge ready, and the youngsters clothed and eating it, in time for school every day. A man can moon and dream about the shop front he's planning, about the company he's going to form; a woman knows her child will be born and need care, food, clothes, shelter on a scheduled time (providing, of course, her male specialist doesn't want the Caesarean a week earlier to fit the golf schedule).

No, women don't wait because most of their life they can't wait. They want action and they want direct action, so they're said to be unreasonable and inflexible when they are really only definite and staying put.

Men themselves complain of the variability of men. "Blank was fixed; it's not fair or honest, not to stay fixed, Your Worship," one of the council complained to me of the upsetting somersault of a colleague.

When you start examining them at the working level most of the old set ideas about the battle of the sexes call for re-examination and redefinition. Running contrary to folklore and fiction I'd be forced to concede that, in my contacts with them in public life, women are not more, but almost as, jealous and vindictive as men.

"How nice ——— looks; he's always well-groomed," I said to one colleague of the leader of a delegation.

"Why shouldn't he? He has nothing to do but spend his wife's money."

But the jealousy of most men is less vicious, less personal than that of most women. That's natural, it seems to me, because woman's life has been more intensely personal through the years: centred in her husband and her family. Woman was, for centuries, a chattel; she had no property but her man; she fought for and about him, literally tooth and claw. Men fought for property, for power, for women, yes, but all on a broader, more detached scale.

Ottawa's council is composed of thirty-three members: the mayor, four controllers elected from the city at large, twenty-eight aldermen, two from each of the fourteen wards. With only two of them have I encountered the small petty meanness and vindictiveness which women, at least, call "catty."

I have fought bitterly with some of my colleagues to find the angriest of them all thoughtfully waiting at the close of council, to say "Your Worship, that's only in the council room. We'll be voting together on the next row."

I have had almost insolent rudeness from an alderman, early in the council's agenda, and been startled to hear him whisper, passing behind the mayor's chair: "How do you want the vote on item 29?"

Now, I hate to admit it, but too many of my own sex would stay in the huff, not only through the entire meeting but anywhere from a week to a month or longer.

What about flattery, the woman's classic weapon? In flattery as in vanity there seems little sex differentiation, perhaps because flattery, the food of vanity, feeds a shallow mind.

It's the woman prone to flattery herself who, "as an old and faithful friend," is apt to call you up or write to you with advice about how clever women could just wrap those men around her fingers. She has no idea that "those men" may be wrapped up in a quarter-million-dollar contract or trailing three or four bulldozers behind that innocent-looking call for tenders. Not that I'm suggesting anything irregular, but you just try to come between one set of aldermen and their bulldozers and another set with *their* bulldozers and you'd be about as sure of life and limb as if you were actually caught in the middle of the construction job.

The same type of woman who urges you to dazzle the men with honeyed words also urges you to "always remember that you're a lady." She forgets that the gentlemen do not always remember that they are gentlemen.

I have yet, after a year and a half on council and board, to witness more downright insulting arrogance and recrimination than I have seen at certain university and church councils. Nor have I seen among the ward politicians what a former vice-principal of Queen's used to describe as the fiercest of all jealousies—the absolute hatreds of rivalry in some of the closed professions.

No, it's not easy for the man or woman who treads a way not yet thronged—the path of the pioneer. None is a stranger path than that of a woman ranging in a world hitherto deemed a male preserve. She must do all that would become a man and yet nothing that would not become a woman. She must kick off at the football opening and witness, unperturbed, the special program of the Fire Fighters' Dinner. Yet she must also fulfill all the functions of a female of the species—open bazaars, visit the maternity floors, keep track of the golden and diamond wedding anniversaries and indite recipes for the cookbook of the Circle of Willing Helpers of the parish of her own ward.

She must be on hand for the debutantes' dance and yet argue the date of debenture flotation with the city's bank and treasury officials. She must be as receptive to the housewife's complaint that her garbage is still where she left it last week as to the commissioner of works' plans for a new dump, or specifications for the collector sewer. And she must take as much interest in the new baby clinic as in her neighboring city's plans for a ten-million-dollar bridge.

And, whatever she does—Oh! doesn't every woman know it!—she must do twice as well as any man to be thought just half as good.

There is an instinctive "unease" on the part of the male against the female sallying out from her customary setting and "duties" into the preserve where he and his have long held disputed but decisive sway. Most men are as unaware of this innate resistance to women leaving the compound as are many women of their own deep and unconscious withholding of their full enthusiasm and untrammeled generous support to the other women who do take up spear and shield and offer to engage in mortal combat in the public square.

And such men and women, just because they may not set out definitely to detract, are the hardest to engage in definite conflict.

They are the men who think "she's a fine, bright, little woman, knows her onions; I'll vote for her but, you know, I prefer my own women at home." Just such a slight shading that, because of staying at home, those females of theirs are finer, better women, a bit set aside and above the women who are ready to take on the real self-sacrifice involved in public service whether in appointive or elective office.

They are blood brothers of the women who hedge just a little and whom it is equally hard to get into a firm grip: "Of course, she has a lot of experience and a good mind. But don't you think, after all, a man knows more about business, taxes and the like?" Even if half the men concerned may never have earned in a year what the efficient competent business woman in question has paid in income tax in the last twelve months.

The woman who cannot understand the language of business and resents the woman who can usually shares another instinctive fear. Banking on her own sex appeal she shies off like a highly strung horse from the woman who is said "to think like a man."

All of which may have something to do with the fact that so few women have essayed, and still fewer, having essayed, have stayed to bear the brunt and heat of the battle.

Ours has been a man's world—that cannot be debated. It is still a man's world and men will endeavor to keep it so, men in the mass, even if quite unconsciously on the part of many individuals. All their ways tend to preserve their power inviolate—the very way they gather and gang up, from their stags in the back rooms to the gorgeously garbed nobles, prelates, worshipful brothers and supreme grand chancellors of their lodges. (Just imagine what would happen if the women of the IODE or the Catholic Women's League dressed up and went about their convention city in a fantasy of attire in any way comparable.)

There's one way, and one way only, in which women can hope to catch even a dim far-off vision of an "equalitarian" state. That is to call on their particular and peculiar resources and so to use their new-found economic and social sufficiency as to realize their political independence. Women must get together. And when they do they must not ask more of a woman candidate for or in office than they would of a man.

Women have seen their civilization threatened and disintegrating in two tragic wars and a bleak depression in between; they just cannot suffer yet a third generation to be sacrificed in the stark Golgotha of a world in conflict.

The nation that today fails to enlist the magnificent resource of its full womanhood is flying on one wing and bound for a crash landing before the impact of the almost fanatic devotion and full mobilization of the women of the Communist states.

The greatest single argument for women's participation in the form of government based upon the equality and diversity of human life is that women are different from men, and the effective partnership of the two is as essential to the creation of a strong nation as to that of a sound home and family life.

Our civilization has gone forward because through all its centuries men and women have proved their ability to live, work and build together. The setting of their labor has been changed and with it the nature of the roles which each, and both together, must henceforth play.

What we need now in our community life are fewer men who think of a woman as a woman only; fewer women who think of a man solely as a man, and men and women who will think, each of the other, as good comrades-in-arms in a common cause. The city not builded of men alone is still on a far-off height, but we are many miles and years closer to its scaling. ★

Alan Brown of Sick Kids

Continued from page 13

most advanced medical men in the world. When he returned to Canada in 1914 he found the Hospital for Sick Children existing largely on its surgical reputation, with the late Doctors F. N. G. Starr and D. E. Robertson, and Dr. W. E. Gallie and Dr. R. I. Harris performing wonders in the operating rooms.

Unfortunately, there were no such wonders in the wards, where general practitioners were still struggling to make ailing infants well, and where the infant mortality was a disgrace. A small clique of conservative-minded men was in control and they made it clear that no European-trained youngster was going to foist his newfangled notions on them. Brown fought for a place on the staff for months. Finally, with characteristic directness, he went straight to John Ross Robertson, head of the board, with the promise, "If you'll put me in I'll reduce the infant mortality in the wards by fifty percent in a year." Robertson put him in.

It was the beginning of a revolution of child care in Canada.

Robertson found he had hired a whirlwind. "Everything for the baby" was Brown's motto. He was merciless of anything that came between a sick child and its recovery. A nurse who allowed an infant to get diaper rash, or who washed her hands in the sink with a feeding bottle perched within splashing distance knew the tongue-thrashing she could expect. Careless interns who submitted a case history incomplete in even the smallest detail were astounded when Brown's quick eye inevitably landed on the error. They decided he must be psychic.

STICKY STAFF

Our child's demands on life are few.
Complaints, at nine, he does not utter.
He only asks his daily bread
Of life be smeared with peanut butter.

—Betty Isler

A doctor recalls, "He'd go through the infants' room where there were ninety children, and everyone was expected to know the answer to any question he might fire about any child. If you didn't know, you'd be made to feel like a fool."

A baby that looked half-dead would be brought to him and he might bark angrily, "Why call me? Why not call an undertaker?" But this seeming callousness was only surface-deep, a measure of his fury at presumptuous disease attacking one so young and helpless. He'd get busy, use all his diagnostic ingenuity, give the child his constant care and, in many cases, color would come back to the blue cheeks, flesh would swell on the tiny bones, and the child would recover. Babies sinking rapidly from cholera infantum he fed intravenously, so that they couldn't vomit or otherwise lose the nourishment.

He made a mistake occasionally, but on the whole his diagnoses were right, sometimes extraordinary. A physician says, "I remember a baby nine or ten months old who came to us once. It had been a fine healthy child ever since birth, then suddenly it began to lose all its abilities. We were frankly baffled. But Brown came in, read its history, examined the child, put an ophthalmoscope to its eye and told us to look into it. There, deep in the pupil, glimmered the tiny red spot that warns of fatal degenerative lesion of the brain."

Another time Brown came upon a child who, in spite of normal temperature and no obvious signs of infection, was simply not thriving. He considered a moment, reached for his auroscope, peered into its ears and told the doctor accompanying him, "This child has pus in its right eardrum." He opened the ear, removed a small bead of pus, and the child got on beautifully from that day.

The infant mortality slipped down notch by notch and, at the end of the year, Brown had redeemed his promise to Robertson. With experienced Dr. Alan Canfield as attending physician, and with such highly trained men as Doctors Edward A. Morgan, A. P. Hart, Frederick Tisdall and George Pirie joining the staff within the next few years, the revolution was well under way; and when Toronto and Montreal opened pediatric schools the new order was permanently established. In 1919 Brown was appointed physician-in-chief of the Hospital for Sick Children.

Brown's manner with children is affectionate and teasing. "Hello, Suzie," he will greet a curly-haired little girl, "aren't you married yet?" Little boys are invariably asked whether they have started to shave, or if they smoke a pipe. A four-year-old on his first visit to Dr. Brown was somewhat bewildered not long ago when the great man examined him briefly and then told him to "Put an egg in your shoe and beat it."

Most children like Dr. Brown and his jokes. An exception to the rule was a husky youngster who visited the doctor some years ago and was hailed with a tweak of the ear and "Hello there, Mary Jane!" The boy glared, took neat aim, and landed the doctor a painful kick on the shin. "Mother! Wait outside!" Brown roared. Closing the door after her he gave the boy the walloping of his life. When the shrieks had abated Brown opened the door again and handed over the lad to his mother with a slip of paper and the curt instruction, "Read this." It was an authoritative paragraph headed What to Do About Temper Tantrums.

This may be the same boy who, later on, drew a picture of Brown wearing horns and a tail, and carrying a pitchfork.

Tact and a bedside manner are things Brown never bothered to acquire and many a mother has carried a list of bothersome questions to an Alan Brown appointment, only to carry them home again unanswered because she was too terrified to speak up.

For instance, there was the mother who was told her child must have his tonsils out immediately. She quavered nervously, "Now? In January? Couldn't we wait till the warm weather?"

"Madam," Brown said coldly, "we take them out *indoors* now."

And when a young mother, directed to put elbow splints on her two-year-old to stop him scratching a bad case of chicken pox, worried aloud, "Oh dear, I don't know how he'll like that." Brown snapped, "Don't ask him. Just put them on."

The wise parent doesn't ask Brown why her child can't have custard or butter or orange juice. She has learned that the answer will be, "Because I say so."

Fortunately for Brown's private practice many parents agree with a leading doctor's contention: "It's the baby that Brown is interested in, not the mother. If he doesn't feel like making small talk with her it's because

his mind is properly focused on her child's physical condition. She ought to be thankful."

The very prototype of the gruff doctor with the heart of gold, Brown is the soul of kindness and attention when it comes to a very seriously sick child. Dozens of mothers and grandmothers (for Brown is caring for his second generation of babies now) will tell you, "When my baby was sick Dr. Brown practically lived with us, he came so often. He saved my baby's life and I won't hear a word against him."

Once when another doctor found himself unable to tell a woman that her new baby would not live he begged Brown to break the bad news for him. The woman remembers, "He came in to my hospital room and told me bluntly that my baby had an incurable spine condition, that it was going to die and nobody could do anything about it. He said I should thank God for my two other healthy children and resign myself to losing this one. Somehow or other, his blunt words helped me more than soft words and evasions would have."

Although Brown has a comfortable home in Toronto and an equally comfortable summer place at Ahmic Lake in Magnetawan, Ont., he has never been too impressed by money and many an Alan Brown baby has received the best of medical care free because its parents were poor. For his thirty-seven years at Sick Kids he received not a cent of pay, and as professor of pediatrics for the University of Toronto he received an honorarium of a few hundred dollars a year.

Dr. Edwards A. Park, the much-decorated professor of pediatrics of Johns Hopkins, declared last year at Brown's testimonial dinner: "As I look back on my life, the men who gave me the most were not those who made the acquisition of facts easiest, but those who stimulated me to be like them." Brown was a great teacher—concise, thorough, well-read, able to correlate one case with another, bound that his students should think for themselves. His theatre clinics were masterpieces of showmanship. "Here, it won't bite you!" he would say, shoving a baby at a nervous student. A great believer in good stock producing good stock he crudely warned, "Don't marry a pretty little girl without a brain in her head and then bring *me* your idiot children." He had no patience with slovenly thinking or laziness.

"If you did something stupid the first time Brown called on you in clinic he never let you forget it," one of his old students remembers. "Some of us got a terrific riding. Some chaps were paralyzed when Brown looked at them. Some of the girls hovered on the brink of tears."

Brown insisted on literal answers to questions. One day he came bouncing in, turned to his class and demanded, "What is Klim?" Klim, they told him, was a nutritive drink made of powdered whole milk. "No! No! No!" Brown shouted furiously. He was interrupted by a knock on the door as a latecomer arrived. "What is Klim?" Brown shouted at him. "Klim, sir?" the newcomer stammered, "why, milk spelled backwards." "You're right! You're absolutely right!" Brown told him, and turning back to the class he roared "Answer *the question*."

He insisted his students be on time for lectures, even if they had to come from hospitals a mile away. If they were one minute late he sometimes locked them out. (He was furious once in his later years when a postwar class locked *him* out because he arrived several minutes late.)

Brown has always been a great clinician. "He was born with clinical acumen and on top of that he had greater clinical ability than any other man on the North American continent," doctors at Sick Kids agree.

Dr. Lawrence Chute, Brown's successor as physician-in-chief says, "He can spot a premature child after it's grown to a year or more and looks like every other child. I don't know how he does it."

It's probably true that Brown has ordered the removal of many a pair of tonsils that some other doctors would leave in. "If they're bad take 'em out," is his philosophy. When he himself began to have mysterious fainting spells in his forties he decided his tonsils must be infected, although they were already out. He insisted on a medical friend removing the roots, and there, sure enough, lay a little bead of pus. The fainting spells ceased and have never reappeared, much to Brown's satisfaction.

There's a story they tell at the hospital about a child who was pink all over, presumably from a disease

MACLEAN'S

called acrodynia, thought to be the result of vitamin deficiency. Two staff doctors agreed on a prescription of large doses of vitamins and returned several days later to find their young patient a changed boy, full of vim and vigor. Delighted, they reported their diagnosis and treatment to the Chief, who snorted, "What you don't know is that I had his tonsils taken out that same day. He's never had any of your blankety-blank vitamins."

Brown was ahead of his time in realizing that pediatrics is, above all, a preventive science. Convinced that breast-fed babies get a better start in life than bottle-fed babies he has spent the past forty years lashing out at "modern mothers who sublet their duty to a cow." Like old Abraham Jacobi, his idol, he believes that, "Every mother can nurse, even the flower and fashion of the land." He has always insisted that well-baby clinics stress the importance of breast feeding, and hammered into his students' heads such irrefutable advantages of mothers' milk as:

It moves direct from producer to consumer.
The cats can't get at it.
It doesn't have to be warmed up on a picnic.
It comes in such cute containers.

As consulting physician to the Dionne quintuplets Brown organized a "milk bank" that supplied the famous sisters with 19,260 quarts of human milk in six months.

Over the years many other notable doctors joined Brown in giving Sick Kids its enviable research reputation. For instance, in 1930 Dr. Frederick Tisdall, Dr. T. G. H. Drake and Dr. Brown devised a nutritive biscuit for infants, baked under conditions which conserved its vitamin content and later manufactured commercially under the name of McCormick's Sun Wheat Biscuit, with patents held by the Research Laboratories and all royalties devoted to medical research.

A couple of years later, after considerable testing in the hospital lab, the same three doctors came up with the formula for the precooked cereal known today as Pablum. Instead of being based on refined white flour which, in their opinion, "didn't have enough of the nutritional elements in it to keep a bug alive," the protein content in Pablum is made up of wheat, corn and oats, with added wheat germ and dried brewers' yeast, edible bone meal, and iron and iron salt. The formula was offered to Mead-Johnston, a drug firm, to manufacture and sell, under agreement that royalties return to the nutritional research laboratories of the hospital.

In 1929 the Hospital for Sick Children (sparked by Brown) joined forces with the Health League of Canada and the Toronto medical officer to urge that protective diphtheria toxoid be placed in the hands of the city's welfare clinics. Private doctors, many of them previously too busy or apathetic to bother with routine immunization, were forced to follow suit and today most Toronto parents insist that their youngsters be inoculated.

One of the hardest fights the hospital and Brown ever had was to make the pasteurization of milk compulsory in Ontario. Milk-borne diseases were known to include bovine tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diarrhea and septic sore throat. Nevertheless, there were doctors who joined farmers and dairymen in fighting provincial pasteurization.

How they were defeated makes an interesting story, if true. Brown was arguing the merits of pasteurization with a British doctor at a social gathering. The Briton was unconvinced, but the man sitting on the other side of Brown listened carefully and when he became premier of Ontario—for the man was Mitch Hepburn—he sought Brown's aid and together they enlisted enough support to put one of the most progressive pieces of legislation on the books of the province.

Personally, Brown thinks cows' milk is greatly overrated as a drink for children. "Cows' milk is for calves," he is fond of saying. If a child must have milk he prefers it to be skim milk, which he believes is more easily digested. (When a Toronto dairy invited him, some years back, to visit its homogenizing plant he greeted its shocked female representative with "Homogenized milk! Feed it to the pigs!")

For healthy youngsters who display lack of appetite Brown advocates not large meals or nourishing eggnogs, but a high protein diet, no eating between meals, complete abstinence from butter and eggs and milk—a threesome which he believes remains overlong in the stomach and kills appetite. There are plump red-cheeked Alan Brown babies, six or seven years old, who have never tasted an egg and appear none the worse for it. Brown's theories are set forth in two books, both in their fourth edition: Common Procedures in the Practice of Pediatrics, written with his friend Tisdall; and The Normal Child: Its Care and Feeding, co-authored with Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson.

Brown often called Sick Kids "my hospital," and his dominion over its affairs lasted well into World War Two. He was not an easy taskmaster. He could not understand that not everybody had his kind of energy and dedication. He expected his doctors to work uncomplainingly from nine to four, regardless of their own private practices or social engagements. Once he even insisted briefly that doctors using the chemical labs should sign a book to show that they were on time. Naturally, he was feared and disliked by many. On the other hand, individual doctors and nurses remember a different Brown. One intern recalls being given concert tickets for himself and his fiancée and then being kidded next day because Brown, sitting directly behind them, had noticed them holding hands. Another recalls a curiously sensitive Brown who was hurt because he wasn't asked to a student's wedding.

Jean Masten, head nurse at the hospital today, says, "If you did your work well it was a pleasure to work with Dr. Brown. He remembered our names, he was always respectful, and he insisted on his doctors coming to our graduation ceremony. He was proud of us. He said we were the best in the land."

That was his ambition—to make the hospital the best in the land. If he drove others too hard, and kept the driving up long after they could have managed things for themselves, that was understandable. As he says, "Don't forget I had to literally knock pediatrics into people's heads back in those early days."

"Besides," he adds with one of his rare twinkles, "I've mellowed."

Off-duty, Brown has always been mellow. In his comfortably shabby den, dressed in black velvet smoking jacket and puffing one of his favorite cigars, he is relaxed, sociable, a good raconteur—especially of jokes about psychiatrists whom, as a class, he hasn't too much use for. (Dr. William Hawke, head of the department of psychological medicine at Sick Kids, says, "Dr. Brown never said anything, but I always thought he felt about this department like a man who discovers his wife's lover living in the same house.") Occasionally Brown likes to watch a football game and he enjoys an evening's scientific discussion. Usually, however, he goes to bed at half past seven, surrounded by medical journals in English, French and German.

Summers he spends at Lake Ahmic, a beautiful wooded spot near Algonquin Park where a little colony of famous men, including Dr. Tom Cullen, of Baltimore, and Abraham Flexner, one-time educational head of the Rockefeller Foundation, go to relax. There, with his wife, his two married daughters, and his four granddaughters, Brown spends his time fishing, swimming, gardening and reading.

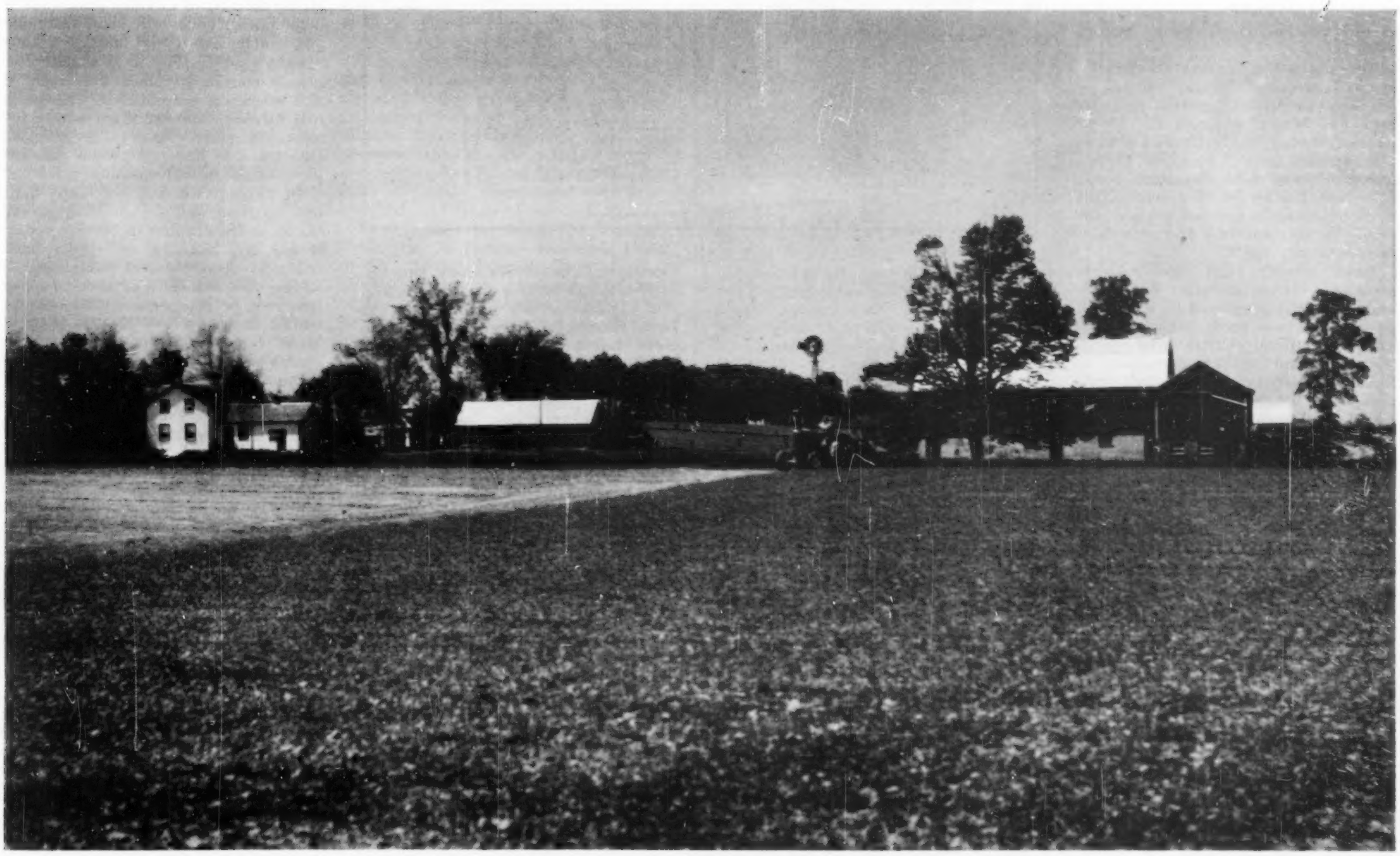
Still, even in the wildwoods, there are flashes of the personality that has made the Hospital for Sick Children what it is today: the boathouse at Ahmic is as clean as a laboratory; fishing rods shine like surgical instruments.

A few summers ago Brown invited Dr. Nelles Silverthorne, of the hospital staff, up for the week end. "Be here at five and I'll meet you at Magnetawan with the boat," he told them. All the way north, Silverthorne kept a nervous eye on his timepiece, but luck was with him and he arrived at 5.01.

Brown was sitting in his boat reading a medical journal. "Silverthorne," he said, "you are one minute late." ★

every Canadian benefits when farmers are prosperous

Farmers and their families constitute one-fifth of the home market for all the various goods and services produced by Canadian workers in factories, mills, mines, railways, stores and offices. The 1951 census showed a total of 2,827,732 people in Canada whose entire income is derived from farming . . . more than the combined populations of Quebec City, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton and Vancouver. Their needs and "wants" are exactly the same as those of urban dwellers.



When farmers are prosperous, these 2,827,732 people have money in their pockets to buy the things they want. They spend freely, in country stores, city stores, mail order houses. The stores, in turn, step up their orders for new supplies, which keeps factories humming, keeps trains and trucks rolling, creates new jobs, fills pay envelopes. Anything that affects the buying power of these 2,827,732 farm people, favorably or unfavorably, is quickly reflected in every other industry.

Massey-Harris presents these points for consideration by urban people in their appraisal of plans and programmes which are aimed to promote the welfare and advancement of Canadian agriculture. Good crops, good markets, and prices that yield a fair return, are essential to continuing prosperity . . . not only of farm people but of every Canadian from coast to coast.

MASSEY-HARRIS

A CANADIAN COMPANY WITH A WORLD-WIDE ORGANIZATION

The Struggle at Laval

Continued from page 11

Laval is considered a fortress of humanistic culture in America, and every year hundreds of students from South America and the U. S. apply for entrance in its famous faculties of theology and philosophy. At the crossroads of two great cultures, Laval is still the greatest educational force in French Canada. This year seventy-two international congresses will have been held in Quebec City in honor of the Laval centenary. About fifty thousand delegates from all over the world will see the red-and-gold university banners fly atop most of the ancient capital's important buildings.

And yet this influential institution is administered like a corner grocery store.

For almost a century Rome has awaited proof of a major miracle to set into motion beatification proceedings for Msgr. François de Montmorency-Laval, the mercurial French bishop who gave his name to the university and held dictatorial sway over New France for fifty years. But French Canada's greatest miracle has been the very survival and growth of the university itself.

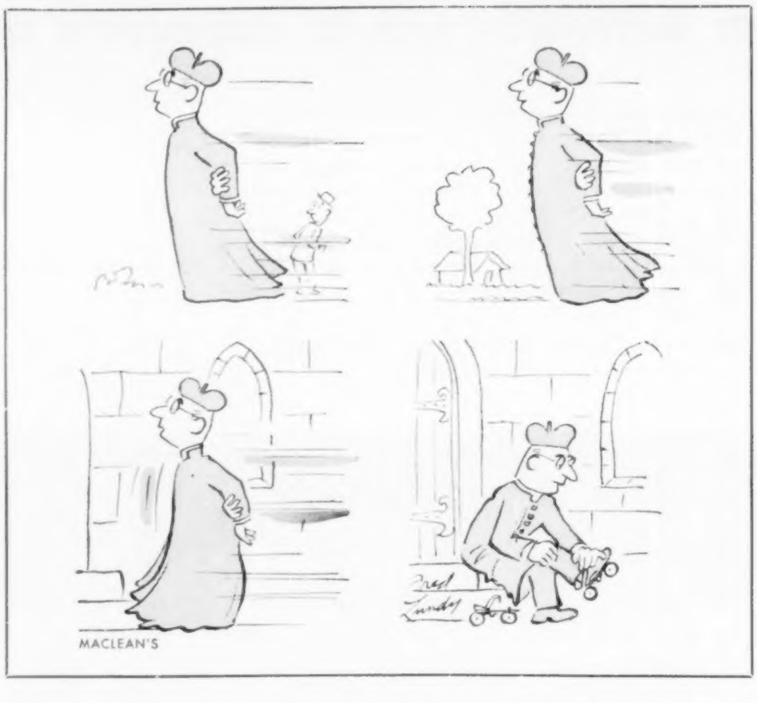
Laval doesn't even have a bank account. It is morally, financially and physically controlled by a handful of priests whose predecessors in 1852 obtained a royal charter from Queen Victoria, granting them permission to found a university. These priests pride themselves in their absolute power over Laval. And to date they've successfully prevented the Duplessis Government from sharing this power with them. Who are these priests?

Beside the university stands the old classical *collège* of the old Séminaire de Québec, founded in 1668 by Bishop Laval. Since it was founded the seminary's purpose has been to train priests. But in order to teach future laymen the Quebec Seminary priests agreed to found Laval University and be wholly responsible for financing it. Since then they've always considered the university as their property.

All the university's revenues (from student fees and provincial grants) go into the seminary's coffers. Because there is not enough to finance the university the priests underwrite a deficit every year. Laval's salary cheques and administrative expenses are paid by the *procureur* (purveyor priest) of Quebec Seminary, Canon Roch Rochette. Until recently the university professors had to go to this priest's office where they were paid their salaries in cash. In his old creaky-floored office he sighs as he patiently enters expenditures in a one-column ledger, revenue in another. At year's end the seminary council meets, the *procureur* subtracts total revenue from total expenditures and the seminary priests, now as in the past hundred years, silently lower their heads as they hear the word *déficit*. The 1951 deficit amounted to six hundred thousand dollars. The seminary has spent ten millions on its university since 1852.

Why do the priests of the Quebec Seminary exercise absolute control over the university and where did they get the money to foot a ten-million-dollar bill?

The Catholic priests of France were among the first to become interested in Canada. Bishop Laval, a friend of Louis XIV and the first bishop of Quebec, took far-reaching steps to ensure that Canada would remain first and foremost a religious possession. A far-seeing businessman as well as a staunch mystic, in 1668 he founded a religious and civil corporation under



the chartered name Le Séminaire de Québec, which banded together the colony's priests, and owned lands, farms, woodlands and business concerns. Thus the Quebec Seminary is a commercial enterprise with revenues and expenditures. Each priest-member pledged himself to bequeath all his worldly goods to this chartered company when he died. Laval sank his whole fortune into the venture and bought for a song the seigniory of Beaupré, an immense forest north of Quebec City which yields in cutting rights an average of one hundred thousand dollars a year. Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd., a British-backed company which operates a large paper mill in Quebec City, buys much of its wood from the seminary.

The seminary's revenue was put aside for the upkeep of its classical *collège*. As the seminary's lands and income were tax-free its fortune never could be exactly assessed and the very priests who own it don't know its full extent. Two years ago experts got to work in the seminary archives to determine the company's present business position. They're still trying.

The defeat of 1760 left the Canadiens impoverished and shattered. Education was at a deplorable low. Lawyers, doctors and notaries could learn their profession only by apprenticeship. The bishops, alarmed at the low educational level, decided to found a university.

Because of its wealth and influence the seminary was chosen for this task. On Dec. 8, 1852, Queen Victoria signed the royal charter of Laval. The university began with fifteen first-year students. The first buildings were built right next to the seminary and the priests began paying its debts. Now, a hundred years later, the seminary sees itself threatened by the looming shadow of its offspring. The priests are struggling to rid themselves of this financial burden (even though its exact value isn't known the Quebec Seminary fortune isn't large enough to keep on financing deficits that may soon reach the million-dollar-a-year mark) but, at the same time, they want to retain their control over teaching at Laval.

The royal charter stipulated that the rector of the university would always and automatically become Father Superior of Quebec Seminary and that the university chancellor, always the Bishop of Quebec, would have absolute veto power over the university council. Moreover, Quebec Seminary was appointed administrator of the university. The handful of lay members of the Laval council has never suggested any move that might go against the seminary's rigid clerical principles.

The priests smiled indulgently a few years ago when some lay teachers, annoyed by what they considered the priests' stranglehold on the university, started a campaign to elect a lay rector. They were given free copies of the university charter, and that was the end of that. Quebec's Premier, Maurice Duplessis, who has managed to control the University of Montreal, also discovered that it isn't easy to make the seminary priests let go of Laval. Recently he tried to persuade Laval to fire Father Georges-Henri Lévesque, dean of the faculty of social sciences, whose teachings condemn some of the more autocratic legislation of the provincial government. This time the priests didn't laugh, for Duplessis deliberately delayed granting money he'd already promised the university. This greatly upset Msgr. Ferdinand Vandry, Laval's mild-mannered and peace-loving rector, who was little used to shrewd political manoeuvres. But the resultant publicity caused the rector to hold his ground, morally sustained by the commanding spirit of Bishop Laval whose remains rest under the seminary chapel. Laval had his own way of dealing with governors of the French regime who didn't get along with him: he simply had them recalled to France by his good friend Louis XIV. But these days there's no one to recall the prime minister of the province of Quebec except the voters. Duplessis is powerful and, while Lévesque hasn't yet been fired outright, he has been losing ground. He hasn't been officially re-elected dean of the faculty of social sciences, a post he still occupies.

Several faculty members, government officials and businessmen are growing impatient at the priests' stubborn determination to keep the university tied to their cassocks. On the other hand, many other staff members fear government interference in university management, for they say Laval would free itself from one autocracy to be enslaved by another. They remember that the Union Nationale party "advised" two Laval scientists, Drs. Roger Potvin and Albert Cholette, to end their campaign for electric furnaces in Quebec. (The scientists claim the furnaces could process Ungava iron ore within the province.) "At that price," says one eminent science professor, "God preserve us from State patronage; church patronage is a hundred times better!" Some of his colleagues don't agree. "We suffer from both autocratic regimes now anyway," they say. "One would be quite enough. Let's choose the State because it, at least, can afford to pay."

Duplessis can't amend the university charter without first being requested to do so by the seminary priests—and he certainly won't be. But actually, money—or the lack of it—may succeed where all else has failed. A Quebec businessman recently told a Duplessis minister, "Why fuss and fret about trying to control Laval? Just show a little patience: it will soon fall into your hands like a ripe plum."

Here's why: For a long time the priests considered their university a sort of side line compared with their real interest—the seminary where tomorrow's priests are being trained. But the side line has grown into an increasingly unmanageable giant.

In 1920 Laval had no more than five hundred and seventeen students taking courses in four faculties. Today it has ten faculties and must herd thirty-five hundred students into small stifling classrooms. For lack of space hundreds of prospective students are turned down every year. So in 1948 Laval launched a huge fund-raising campaign to erect the first buildings on a proposed one-square-mile campus, total cost of which would reach a hundred million dollars. The campaign collected eleven million dollars and another four millions were voted by the provincial government, which to date has actually given only two millions. Seven million dollars of the campaign funds have been spent to buy land and a full three millions is literally buried underground — in a maze of tunnels, pipes and conduits. To date only two buildings have been erected, the schools of commerce and forestry engineering. Funds for these came from special appeals and the coffers are now empty. The priests will also control the new campus and will be wholly responsible for its finances. Obviously, without heavy support from outside sources, they'll have difficulty in meeting the administrative expenses of a town worth a hundred millions.

The hundred and thirty full-time professors earn an average of thirty-five hundred dollars a year—less than many primary-school teachers. Many of them are outstanding scholars but, because of the need to supplement their incomes, cannot give their entire attention to university work. One eminent professor is a part-time Fuller brush man and another, a talented engineer, sells insurance in the evenings.

The seminary priests are in a difficult position. They dare not appeal directly to the federal government, for Duplessis is ticklish on the question of provincial autonomy. On the other hand he isn't ready to solve the university's financial problems unless he can control it indirectly.

Should the government come into control many of the priests fear that men like Lévesque would be told their services are no longer needed, that faculty members would be appointed on the basis of political loyalty rather than competence, and that in some faculties—as happened at the U. of M.—teaching tending to criticize the government would be greatly diluted. The priests fear, too, that the humanistic tradition of which Laval is so proud would become a thing of the past. The clergy, for sentimental as

well as practical reasons, doesn't want to abdicate.

Quebec's ancient system of education is so organized that the universities favor those students who aim for priesthood or professions. Of the four kinds of primary and secondary education available to Quebec youngsters, only one—the classical course—leads to all faculties at Laval. In this course, combining college and high-school training, six years of Latin and four or five of Greek are compulsory. A child must start this course after Grade Six. If he doesn't go to classical college but stays on at parish school he can't be a lawyer, doctor or priest. He can get his doctorate in biology but won't be able to enter first-year medicine because he has no Greek. If he takes an ordinary high-school education—as most must—a laborer's son cannot go to university except to take science or social science.

This diffusion of educational ends and methods is a root cause of the deep gulf between the working and the middle classes in French Canada. Quebec is the last remaining area in the world where these ancient teaching methods are still adhered to. In France the system was streamlined in 1902.

Until recently the very first thing seminary students were told at the opening of the academic year was, "Quebec Seminary is dedicated to shielding from corruption the youth of the century." The seminary priests would like this motto to be extended to the university. By "corruption" they mean the state of mind prevalent in France since 1789 with all its revolutionary and democratic implications. What they fear above all else is the invasion of modern scientific doctrines. They view this approaching juggernaut as an old *calèche* would a bulldozer.

Thomist Has Ten Kids

When Vincent Auriol, President of France, was welcomed at Laval's convocation hall in the spring of 1951 the rector Vandry stated Laval had retained from France only its best traditions—its "pre-1789 traditions"—and that it would always go on honoring the true God and keeping alive the flame of classicism in the heart of the Canadian nation. Auriol appeared surprised at this allusion to materialistic France and he replied somewhat drily that France nevertheless did keep alive the flame of classicism which it had inherited from a Greece that worshipped the gods of Mount Olympus.

Many Laval priests consider science a modern evil one must put up with as one must sometimes put up with Duplessis. Lawyers, doctors, notaries, who all must take years of Latin and Greek, get very little grounding in business, science or mathematics.

After 1930 Laval was subjected to increasingly strong pressures for the creation of a faculty of sciences. In 1935 the seminary priests gave their answer: they set up a faculty of canon law and a faculty of philosophy. As a result only twelve Canadiens could then be found on the list of twenty-six hundred mining engineers in Canada. It was not until 1937 that the faculty of sciences was finally organized. Today it has more than five hundred students. The faculty of social sciences was not inaugurated until 1943. A silent rivalry exists between the old faculties and these two young marvels. At the faculty of arts they say the young scientists haven't invented anything yet; at the faculty of sciences they say the faculty of arts has yet to produce one good contemporary author.

Nevertheless the priests are very proud of the faculty of philosophy which has an enviable reputation in North America. Its Flemish dean is the internationally known Thomist philosopher Charles de Koninck. He's an expert on the cult of the Virgin Mary; Pius XII consulted him on the occasion of the dogma of the Assumption. Yet Charles de Koninck doesn't pattern his life on the rigorous ways of seminary priests. He has ten children (whom he christened with philosophers' names) and one of his daughters is swimming champion of Quebec. As he writes his learned tomes on the cult of the Holy Virgin he frequently quenches his thirst from a case of beer sitting by his desk.

But, however important the faculty of philosophy may be, the science staff insists it won't be St. Thomas Aquinas who'll develop Quebec's natural resources. Fifteen years ago the faculty of theology—or *Grand Séminaire*—was attended by twice as many students as the faculty of sciences. Today the science faculty is attended by more students (five hundred and fifty) than all three faculties where the humanities proper are taught—theology (a hundred and twenty-five future priests), philosophy and arts. These total only four hundred and sixty-seven students.

Every day increasingly pressing voices rise in chorus—including that of Dr. Adrien Pouliot, dean of the faculty of sciences—to demand reform of the curriculum which would make it possible for Canadien youth to prepare themselves better and more quickly for a science course by substituting mathematics for Greek, which is now compulsory in the classical course. Pouliot is the most picturesque faculty member of Laval. Short, exuberant, nervous, he continually hops and grimaces as he talks and he has often punctuated a witty phrase with a resounding slap on the back of some bishop or monsignor. A mathematician of note, he is the main organizing genius behind the enlarged faculty of sciences. (It was founded, paradoxically enough, by a cleric, chemist Msgr. Vachon, who today is Archbishop of Ottawa.)

Pouliot is perhaps the most absent-minded man in Canada. His wife finally persuaded him to sell his car soon after the day he came back from a motor trip by train—he'd forgotten both his car and his wife in Montreal. In buses he is always working on crossword puzzles or studying German, Spanish or Chinese. He often gets mixed up between lectures he must give, sometimes delivering a fourth-year lecture to first-year students and vice versa. He's also been seen arriving at the university with a telephone directory under his arm instead of some learned scientific treatise. A lively conversationalist, Pouliot frequently forgets himself and resumes a sentence in Latin or Spanish.

Another dilemma, in addition to the one provided by the sciences, faces the seminary priests. For generations they succeeded in casting the university into their mold. Now the bulging university threatens to change them.

The case of Msgr. Ferdinand Vandry, the present rector, illustrates this. Vandry, the son of a well-known Quebec business family, was father-director of the seminary. A saintly priest who cherished above all the solitude of his cell he preoccupied himself only with clerical vocations and religious problems. Preferring meditation to worldliness, he embodied the continuance of the tradition of ascetism started by Bishop Laval, who slept on planks, wore haircloth and ate decaying meat. Then suddenly Vandry was snatched from his cell and made superior of the seminary and rector of the university.

In his maiden speech to the seminary

staff he said, "Remember we are priests and we must not mix with the laymen." Seminary regulations stipulate its priests may accept an invitation to dinner only when it's extended by the lieutenant-governor or the archbishop. Yet today Vandry is called upon to attend more dinners than most cabinet ministers and as many cocktail parties as an ambassador. How then to reproach the seminary priests who follow his example and patronize the best restaurants in town when invited there by friends?

The greatest difficulty Vandry ever had to cope with is that created by the progressive spirit of the faculty of social sciences headed by the dynamic Lévesque. From the onset this faculty tackled problems Laval had always shunned, like the labor problem. Learned and militant young labor leaders produced by this faculty include Jean Marchand, who has completely revolutionized the framework and policy of Catholic labor unions. At thirty-three Marchand is secretary-general of syndicates which today unite one hundred thousand Canadiens. His syndicates are the ones management respects most, for they brandish Papal encyclicals. In the spring of 1949 the famous Asbestos strike broke out at the Canadian Johns-Manville plant there. The Catholic syndicates fought vigorously against both the management and the Duplessis Government. Several professors of Laval's faculty of social sciences made speeches at Asbestos backing the strikers. Duplessis turned his wrath on the faculty of social sciences and Lévesque. This greatly disturbed Vandry. Relations between himself and Lévesque were decidedly chilly for several months and the rector even refused to lend the convocation hall for the ceremony when Lévesque was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. But the storm has since subsided.

The seminary priests are trying to adapt themselves to the changes at Laval. Twenty-five years ago the rector would have choked with indignation at the mere suggestion that a woman should have thought of registering at the university; today, coeds are common on the campus and among the one thousand students attending summer classes at Laval are some colored girls.

To cope with this revolution Laval has a group of young priests who did not choose religious life as a career with an interesting income, but as a vocation, both apostolic and intellectual. Among them is the skilled administrator of Laval, vice-rector Msgr. Alphonse-Marie Parent. Rather short and plump, he faces difficulties with twinkling eyes buried in his rubicund face. A professor of philosophy, trained at Louvain University in Belgium, he is also a matchless organizer. He knows the importance of the faculty of sciences and is its self-elected protector. He helped reconcile Vandry and Lévesque. He talks softly and never makes speeches, but his voice is the strongest when the university council has an important decision to make. Thanks to him the university stood its ground before the Duplessis onslaught. Lay professors love and respect him. An indefatigable worker he organized the famous French summer classes.

Laval University's classical teaching is responsible for one of the most attractive features of the Quebecer's personality, the originality and charm that Anglo-Saxons of a more utilitarian training are first to notice. Quebec's professional men usually display a remarkable finesse and sense of humor, and they manipulate ideas with ease and grace. Quebec's *élite* is more interested in literature and the theatre than in the Ungava ore deposits. Quebec's doctors have married the best in French clinical tradition with the best in progressive American techniques. All this stems from the tradition of a humanistic education.

Because of the religious patronage that has presided over Laval many former students have remained active members of a vast university family. Quebec's most eminent lawyers and doctors teach there and the attention they give to their lectures (at five dollars each) takes priority over their most flourishing enterprises.

Antoine Rivard, one of the protectors of the university in the present provincial administration, is one of the greatest criminal lawyers Canada has ever known. Today solicitor-general in the Duplessis Government, he attends to his Laval students and follows their progress as though they were his only care in the world. Louis St. Laurent, just before he became minister of justice, regularly lectured in commercial law at Laval.

But times change and Laval may find it impossible to remain a family affair or a sentimental institution. If Laval wants to serve its centenary slogan—"French culture serving the Canadian nation"—it must face contemporary progress and learn to live with it. That, at any rate, is the thesis of Laval's lay teachers.

If the clergy should lose its leadership of the university to a lay administration, or if teaching should become more liberal, would Laval go on justifying the motto emblazoned on its crest, *Deo favente, haud pluribus impar* (By the grace of God, inferior to none)?

Laymen may think of asking that question. But not the Laval priests. They seem quite convinced that priests will still be there to organize celebrations in 2052.

And it's beginning to look as though the priests will be proved right for help has come through the intervention of a former Laval student and professor, Louis St. Laurent. The Prime Minister recently persuaded Duplessis to accept federal aid for Quebec universities, as other provinces do. Although Duplessis has refused to commit himself beyond this year the money has been passed along to the universities where it has been used mostly for raises for the hard-pressed professors.

One priest with whom I was discussing these matters first looked at me with wide eyes and then shrugged. "You laymen . . . always making mountains out of molehills! The Church has lived two thousand years, and she's tackled much bigger problems than this one. Don't you worry, we're not losing any sleep over it. What we have, we hold." ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 3

taxes were coming down but that we (the vigilant alert correspondents) had been too smart for him.

* * *

Another thorn, or prong, in the Liberal side was the famous serving fork for the armed services. And again there were elements of irony.

Ever since 1939 the standard basic criticism of National Defense has been "too little and too late."

That's no excuse, of course, for ordering sixty-two thousand serving forks for sixty-eight thousand men. It turns out that fourteen thousand five hundred serving forks will be enough for the ninety-five thousand men we have now and for all the rest who might join in the first nineteen months of a hypothetical war.

J. M. Macdonnell, Progressive Conservative financial critic, knew he had hold of a good solid item that everybody could understand when he turned this one up, and dramatized it by producing a fork in the House of Commons. As he said later to the Defense Expenditures Committee: "This is one of the few cases where one gets a close-up, and one is left with the uneasy feeling that there are many other cases which we have no means of checking."

No doubt this is true. Certainly, by the Defense Department's own admission, mistakes were made in ordering the $7,250 worth of serving forks which now suffice the armed forces. But C. M. Drury, Deputy Minister of National Defense, made the whole thing sound much more sensible when he explained it.

In the first place he recalled that on Feb. 5, 1951, the Minister of National Defense had outlined a new defense program which included "the administrative staff, training establishments, depots, stores, clothing and equipment to provide for rapid mobilization in a total effort." Nobody challenged that principle, then or since. Drury also pointed out that normal peacetime stores of practically everything had been cleaned out for the Special Brigade, then newly arrived in Korea. They had to be replaced, a twelve months' supply for mobilization had to be provided, plus an additional nine months' supply to cover the gap between orders and delivery of future stores. Everything, therefore, was ordered in greater than normal quantity.

Serving forks were specially affected by the urgency of that period, because construction of new barracks was not keeping pace with the rest of the preparedness program. New barracks feed the troops in cafeteria style, where one serving fork is enough to serve several hundred men. Old barracks require the family-style messing of World War II, with food served out by the senior man at each table. In them, one serving fork is required for every six men. If Canada had had to mobilize in 1951 this would have been the proportion required. Since then, of course, the new barracks have been built, the cafeteria system has become general, and fourteen thousand five hundred serving forks are plenty. That's why the original order was reduced.

But by the time Drury got this explanation on the Defense Committee record the serving fork had become a symbol of army extravagance and inefficiency. National Defense has the most elaborate and expensive publicity machine of any government department, but it is not equipped to deal with the department's mistakes.

More serious than either of these things, at least with rural Liberals, was the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease and the Agriculture Department's bungling in the handling of it.

In the Saskatchewan election campaign there was very little mention of the foot - and - mouth plague. CCF speakers felt, probably rightly, that the western farmers didn't want any more public fuss about it. There was always the fear that publicity might further delay the removal of that U. S. embargo which is costing the Canadian cattleman so much money. But CCFers feel quite certain the foot-and-mouth bungle had an effect on Liberal fortunes in Saskatchewan.

The effect must have been increased, not diminished, by the clumsy efforts of Liberal backbenchers in Ottawa to absolve the Government from blame. Listening to them in the Agriculture Committee you were reminded that these people had never been in Opposition, had never before felt outnumbered or beset by circumstance, and didn't know how to deal with that unpleasant but commonplace situation. By the same token you were reminded that these Grits had been in office a long, long time.

Progressive Conservatives said privately the Liberals could have got out with little damage if they had let the responsibility fall squarely on the individuals in charge. Dr. Thomas Childs was (and still is) head of the Federal Veterinary Service. Even before John Diefenbaker wormed out of Jimmy Gardiner the telegram from Childs forbidding the laboratory tests which belatedly identified the plague as foot-and-mouth disease it was obvious Childs was the man responsible for the late diagnosis. Progressive Conservatives admitted that, if Gardiner had let Childs take the blame, the Opposition would have had little to say.

Gardiner chose to defend Childs and accept full responsibility—an honorable decision, but one which dispersed the blame all over his own department and to some extent over the whole Liberal Government.

* * *

Those are some of the negative reasons for the low morale among Liberals. There is also a positive reason. They think the Progressive Conservatives have improved.

"How do you account for the new George Drew?" a Liberal MP asked over coffee in the cafeteria one morning.

What was new about George Drew?

"He's acting human for a change. You take the Ontario county by-election. I don't remember Drew making any speeches or getting any publicity. He just dropped around, talked to little meetings in people's houses, shook a lot of hands and tried to make friends. And look what happened." (Michael Starr, PC, won the formerly Liberal seat.)

There is not yet any evidence that Liberal headquarters shares this revised opinion of the Progressive Conservative leader. Liberal campaigns are still relying heavily on smearing Conservative candidates as "Drew's men." But since they have used this technique in eleven by-elections and have lost nine of them it is possible their strategy may be reviewed.

Not that anyone on the Liberal side (or many on the Conservative, for that matter) would really expect George Drew to beat Louis St. Laurent in a general election. But both parties—the Liberals with alarm, the Conservatives with a sudden wild hope—are beginning to wonder if the recent election results do indicate a change of political climate. After all, in politics nothing succeeds like success. ★

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"Man Who Won the War"

Continued from page 7

During that year he conceived improvements and new uses for the cathode-ray oscillograph, now a familiar component of every television set, and put his ideas in writing to the director of the Meteorological Office, a fact still on record.

Ritchie Calder, in his book Profile On Science, defines the cathode-ray oscillograph:

> It looks like an outsize paste bottle with the electron gun in the neck and the inside of the base coated with fluorescent chemicals (the television screen). The beam of electrons streaming from the cathode is focused into a fine pencil and impinges on the screen as a luminous spot. An atmospheric, the electric outrider of the thunderstorm, perhaps thousands of miles away, invades the receiving system and flicks that point so that it makes a luminous stroke on the screen from the direction in which it is approaching.

This needed a very sensitive oscillograph. Before he had had a chance to build his own, he saw a demonstration of the first cathode-ray oscillograph suitable for his purpose—built by Western Electric, U.S.A.—at an evening meeting of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. Before dawn he sprang onto his bicycle, raced to the station and caught the first train to London, and persuaded the firm to let him have it. It was the first to go into practical use in England.

Now he had the apparatus for finding the direction of a thunderstorm. But how far was it away? Simple, said Watt. He had to have two cathode-ray oscillographs, or, as he has called them ever since, "Magic Bottles." He put one in a station at Datchet, near Slough, Buckinghamshire, and another in a second station four hundred miles away at Leuchars, in Fifeshire, Scotland. The "Magic Bottles" were synchronized. The atmospherics from a thunderstorm now produced two luminous strokes on his screen. Where the strokes crossed was the exact location of the storm. Whether it was in the middle of the Sahara, the Pacific or the polar wastes, Watson-Watt could take his electronic bearings on a thunderstorm and fix its position to within a few miles.

For the next ten years he wandered all over the world studying thunderstorms. He had the unique civilian experience of directing the captain of an RN cruiser—in the Bay of Bengal where the fathers of all thunderstorms occur—to chase up and down after the best ones. Circling around in the sea for weeks on seemingly aimless voyages and constantly amid the clap of thunder and flash of lightning, the crew began to think that Watson-Watt was a kind of scientific Svengali who had bewitched everybody on the quarter-deck.

He hunted thunderstorms in the Sudan, pitching his tent miles out in the desert. One day, when he was absent from the camp watching a thunderstorm, a band of Bedouins crept up and stole his tent and all his belongings. Fortunately he was carrying his valuable apparatus on his person.

In 1923 he went to the Arctic and gleaned important new facts about an electric ceiling in the sky which reflects radio waves back to the earth. It was Watson-Watt's name for this ceiling, the ionosphere, which now figures in every electronics dictionary.

In the early Thirties he was still not sure whether every radio picked up the same atmospherics. So he decided to find out. At that time Sir Henry Walford Davies, the British composer, was giving a series of popular BBC talks called Music and the Ordinary Listener. The talks were broadcast all over the earth.

Watson-Watt got advance scripts and had copies made in large type with every syllable of each word widely spaced. He then circulated the copies to collaborators on five continents. As Sir Henry Walford Davies spoke the collaborators followed the script. Each time a syllable was destroyed by atmospherics they blue-penciled it. The marked scripts enabled Watson-Watt to prove for the first time that everybody hears the same atmospherics and that a thunderstorm is therefore traceable anywhere from anywhere.

By now he was superintendent of the radio division of the National Physical Laboratory, a government post. He was also an officer in the Institution of Professional Civil Servants, an organization designed to protect the interests of scientists, doctors, lawyers, engineers and other upper-bracket men in government employ. Watson-Watt speaks of himself in this connection as a "trade-union agitator." His extra-mural activities brought him into contact with scientists in many fields and through it he became friendly with the staff of the Air Defense Experimental Establishment

ROUNDLY SPOKEN

Circles, let me state, are what I try
To travel in the best of, but have found in-
Stead to be, alas, just something I
Was destined from the start to go
around in!

—Richard Wheeler

at Biggin Hill, a station which later became famous in the Battle of Britain.

They took him to see their latest wonder, a huge "mirror," a concave saucer of concrete, twenty-five feet high and two hundred feet across, which gathered up and reflected the sound of approaching aircraft. Its maximum efficiency was twenty-four miles and in some kinds of weather it was useless.

He told them bluntly it was high time they stopped wasting money on such cumbersome and rudimentary gadgets and got down to the possibilities of radio detection of hostile aircraft. They were hurt. But his words struck home.

In 1934 when Hitler's Brownshirts were beginning to look like a threatening army, H. E. Wimperis, then director of scientific research at the Air Ministry, and a brother-in-law of Alice, the late wife of Vincent Massey, now Canada's Governor-General, asked him if he could produce a ray which would destroy or disable an aircraft or a pilot aloft—in fact, a death ray.

Watson-Watt said, "Let me go and do a bit of arithmetic." The next day he told Wimperis a *destructive* ray was not yet feasible, but a *detective* ray was a practical certainty.

He went to work with his first and most trusted colleague, A. F. Wilkins. Much had been done previously. In 1887 Heinrich Rudolf Hertz, a German, knew radio waves were reflected by objects which differed from their surroundings in their magnetic properties. Around 1905 Marconi, the Italian, suggested ships could be detected by receiving the radio waves they reflected. In 1924 Sir Edward Appleton, the Englishman, put the height of the ionosphere, the reflective ceiling later christened by Watson-Watt, at between sixty and seventy miles above the earth by timing the period it took a radio pulse to hit it and bounce back.

A few months later Gregory Breit and Merle Tuve, the Americans, reported that by jerking out a short pulse of radio they could get an effect like that used in echo sounding at sea.

None of these discoveries constituted radar. But from these discoveries plus many of his own, which included measuring time to one million millionth of a second, Watson-Watt produced radar.

"It was a triumph of pure reason," he says, "over a mass of unrelated facts which were known to thousands of people. I like to think there was some poetry in it."

The date of the first demonstration was in Feb. 1935, less than six weeks after Wimperis had asked for the death ray.

Top brass from the three armed services were summoned to an old truck in a lonely field at Daventry, about sixty miles outside London. Motoring out to this secret rendezvous some of the brass had pursed its lips on noting that the soft-hearted Watson-Watt had brought along "just for the ride" his favorite nephew Patrick, aged twelve.

In case Patrick might be gabby later he was left sitting in the ditch by the roadside.

Under the canopy of the closed truck the first radar set was switched on. The screen was so dim, Wilkins, Watson-Watt's assistant, had to strike matches for illumination. Away to the south an RAF bomber took off on a specified flight path. The radar set picked it up eight miles away.

There was a gasp from the brass. Everybody broke cover and started running excitedly back to their cars. Watson-Watt was in the lead. He was so jubilant he was heading for London when he remembered he had forgotten somebody—Patrick. He turned back and gathered up his nephew who was still sitting stoically in the ditch.

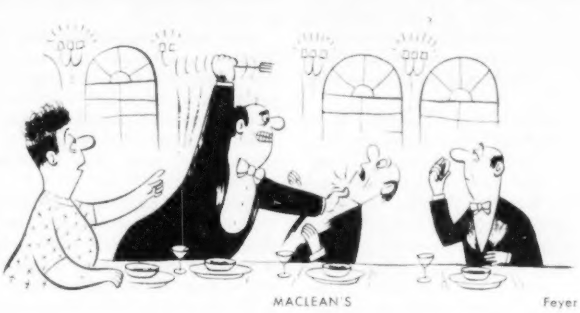
At once Watson-Watt went off to an isolated mansion on a spit of land which had to be reached by ferry at Orfordness, in East Suffolk, the nearest point to Germany. He took scientists from industry, from universities and from government laboratories to help him improve radar and lay the plans for its industrial manufacture.

His early team included A. F. Wilkins, L. F. Bainbridge-Bell, E. G. Bowen, A. G. Touch, R. Hanbury-Brown, H. Larnder, G. A. Roberts, R. H. A. Carter and Denis Taylor. Early this year the team shared an award of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a sum equal to that which Watson-Watt received singly.

For cover they called themselves the Green Spot Club, and local villagers were satisfied they were a bunch of crackpots.

"This small group of young men," says Watson-Watt, "led by one not so young, set themselves consciously and explicitly the task of saving their country from invasion. They were formed into a team and sub-teams. They lived and breathed their enterprise as they talked about it at breakfast, lunch and dinner, in the boat crossing to the peninsula and in the sitting room until it was time to go to bed. Very much of the most important inventive and design work was done in these unrecorded conversations as well as in the laboratory.

"The team had no caste system. Its pet phrase 'we are a soviet' had truth. This was a dedicated community. It was gay and serious, it was effervescent and painstaking, it was cynical and earnest, it was well-informed and enquiring, it was enthusiastic, tireless and hard-working. It was impatient of organizational niceties and respectful



"Henry, Henry! That's the wrong fork."

of only one thing—professional competence. It saw visions but it put them aside for immediate production. We hoped the crown would look at this little group of men, look at the quality and consequences of their toil and say: 'This was a great work.' "

The crown did. The late King George VI was one of the first to know of what was going on at Orfordness. He always spoke of it in a hushed whisper as "Watson-Watt's stuff."

By 1936 the team was detecting aircraft one hundred and ten miles away. They watched civil aircraft arriving and departing over the coast and would say: "The six-thirty Lufthansa plane from Berlin is three minutes late." Later they watched Neville Chamberlain's plane fly on its appeasing mission to Munich.

In factories all over Britain, workers were making tiny fragments of equipment in complete ignorance of their purpose. The fragments were gathered together at shadow factories and assembled into radar sets. All around the coast mysterious masts began to appear and with them sprouted a myriad of local legends that were spoken about out of the corner of the mouth in pubs. Motorists ascribed a faulty magneto, farmers a sick sheep, housewives a blown fuse to these "death-ray guns."

Fighting against time to create an effective radar screen around Britain, Watson-Watt was frequently frustrated by "the reluctance of public departments to be bold, elastic and speedy in doing new things." His importunity irritated the starchy desk men at the Air Ministry and they called him "a damned contentious fellow." They charged him with asking for double the staff every time he had a technical setback and tagged him with that most opprobrious of civil service epithets: "Empire builder." Even fellow scientists grudged him his growing importance. The injustice of this never quenched his spirit. He took consolation in a part of his philosophy which runs: "Hatred, envy, jealousy, malice, and bitterness are the deficiency diseases of the mind. Reasoned optimism, measured tolerance and constructive discontent are its vitamins."

He found one titled air marshal, whom he prefers not to name but whose illustrious wartime reputation has never been tarnished by recrimination, "stuffy" and "sceptical" until full-scale demonstrations in combat had proved radar's worth.

Watson-Watt "trod on people's toes" to get through to Churchill, then a Privy Councilor and member of the Air Defense Research Committee, and complain that the Air Ministry in its dealings with radar was "attempting to work at abnormal speed a pre-existing normal machinery."

For years Watson-Watt had taken holidays in Berlin where he liked to hear Wagner, see UFA movies and chatter with fellow scientists in their own tongue. But as Hitler wove his web of political tyranny he found German friends of long standing becoming more and more taciturn. "I was scared," he says.

In the summer of 1936 Watson-Watt was closeted with the British Secret Service whose agents had reported a strange new tower in East Prussia.

Armed with a Baedeker he set off for East Prussia on a supposed walking tour. He looked as cherubic and innocent in his breeches and stout boots as Mr. Pickwick. But in his pocket he carried a tiny telescope.

Among the hills and forests of East Prussia he sought out every church with a tower that gave a view. Then he approached the local clergyman, said he was interested in architecture and got permission to climb it. From the top he would scan the countryside for signs of a radar station.

Often he got into conversation with clergymen by telling them he was seeking the grave of a distant relative in their churchyard. Many times he looked quickly around to see that the coast was clear and swarmed up a telegraph pole.

He will not say whether he was carrying other instruments than a telescope, but he was able to return to Britain with the definite information that Germany had no radar.

Canada Was the Arsenal

The Orfordness team was now swelling fast and had to move to Bawdsey Manor, near Felixstowe on the east coast. Ironically enough the portals of this edifice were inscribed with the family motto "Rather Die Than Change." The team reversed this into a motto of their own: "Change Rather Than Die."

In March 1939, six months before war broke out, the Canadian government was invited to send a representative to England to share knowledge in "a most secret device." Dr. John T. Henderson, chief of the radio section of the Canadian National Research Council, sailed across.

Henderson was not surprised to learn that the principles of radio direction finding were known to the British. As far back as 1926 two Canadians, Colonel W. A. Steel and Major-General A. G. L. McNaughton (who later commanded the Canadian Corps overseas) had patented a rudimentary method of direction finding using the cathode-ray oscillograph.

What staggered Henderson was the fact that on Good Friday in 1939 when Mussolini marched into Albania, Britain switched on to a nonstop sentry-go twenty stations equipped with refinements in radio direction finding which surpassed his wildest dreams.

Before Hitler marched into Poland General McNaughton, then President of the National Research Council, put forward a series of plans and secured a number of financial appropriations which initiated mass production of radar equipment in the comparative security of this country. Later, under Dr. C. J. Mackenzie, who succeeded McNaughton, Canada, through her crown company, Research Enterprises Ltd., at Leaside, Toronto, became, in Watson-Watt's grateful words, "the radar arsenal of the Western world."

Came September 1939 and the eerie shriek of the air-raid sirens and a single marauding aircraft up the Firth of Forth in Scotland. It was traced by the magic eye and shot down. First blood to radar. Forty million dollars had been well spent. Another fifteen hundred millions, almost as much as the United States spent during the wartime years on the atom bomb, was to go into "Watson-Watt's stuff."

Came the phony war and the disaster of Dunkirk, then a few months later the quiet tense atmosphere of the RAF Operations Room, Uxbridge, outside London, was shattered by the voice of a pilot coming through a loudspeaker from far up in the clouds: "Tally ho! Yoicks! Here they come! Ruddy hordes of them! Come and eat, boys!"

The Battle of Britain had begun.

Calmly girls of the WAAF began pushing counters across a huge map. Each counter represented an enemy aircraft or group of aircraft. The moves were dictated by coded information reaching them from the coastal radar stations. The commander, sitting on a gallery above the map, began to play a bloody aerial combat like a game of chess. His instructions went by voice, steadily, in a dull monotone, to the pilots aloft and to the pilots standing by. The radiotelephone which connected them was another of Watson-Watt's developments.

The commander would say: "Control, calling Red Leader. You are a bit too high to catch your bandit. Drop a little and turn north-north-east."

Radar enabled Fighter Command in Britain to detect enemy aircraft as soon as they took off from airstrips in France, to determine their number, direction, speed and height, to chart their progress toward the English coast, to predict their targets, to distinguish them from RAF craft and, by choosing the time and place at which to engage them, constantly to hold the initiative and exercise the tactical advantage of surprise.

In the Battle of Britain the Germans had nothing to compare with radar. They could not understand why, wherever they flew, whatever evasive action they took or whenever diversions were staged, the deadly Spitfires were always waiting for them, right in their path. The truth was they could always be seen when they themselves could not see. It was a clash between a lynx-eyed David and a myopic Goliath.

The Luftwaffe was so badly beaten up it never recovered. Yet at that time Hermann Goering, its chief, insisted to Hitler that the constant beat of radio pulses emanating from Britain and heard by German scientists were nothing more than experiments with the ionosphere, a story Watson-Watt had cunningly put into circulation.

Because he lost his air superiority in the Battle of Britain, Hitler had to postpone and finally abandon Operation Sea Lion, his planned assault on the English coast. Since war with Russia was inevitable he was forced into conflict on two fronts, a situation he had sworn to avoid. In consequence the Wehrmacht was overextended and its doom was sealed long before it was thundering at the gates of Moscow.

Most military historians agree that

the Battle of Britain was the turning point in the war and that, in spite of the valor of those twelve hundred Spitfire pilots of whom Churchill said "never was so much owed by so many to so few", it could not have been won without radar.

The Orfordness and Bawdsey team moved to Swanage near Bournemouth, then for a while to Dundee in Scotland, moved at night like conspirators out of a novel by Oppenheim, so that German agents might not be attracted by an overlong stay in one place. By the time they got to Malvern College late in the war they were three thousand strong. Even scientists on atomic research were diverted to help them.

By this time they had turned aircraft into flying laboratories for night operations. Newspaper readers saw pictures of pilots eating pills and carrots and wearing dark spectacles to improve their sight. It was largely hooey to mislead the Germans. Improved radar techniques were now putting RAF night fighters within four hundred feet of the tail of a German bomber in thick cloud. "Cats-Eye" Cunningham, Britain's ace night fighter pilot, said recently it wasn't carrots that got him his nickname. He shot down more German aircraft by night than any other pilot because he had radar plus a scientific background.

Watson-Watt's team produced Gee, a radar device which enabled a bomber to locate its exact position at any time by means of three land-based stations, one called the Master and the others the Two Slaves. They produced Oboe which guided a bomber pilot to his target and could, if need be, drop his bombs for him. This depended on two land-based stations, one called the Cat and the other the Mouse. Another advance was Eureka used by paratroops who needed to guide aircraft carrying reinforcements to their position, or by the Maquis awaiting arms drops. Eureka automatically responded from the ground to signals sent out by Rebecca in the aircraft trying to find it.

There are one hundred and fifty different applications of radar all stemming from a half-page minute written by Watson-Watt to Wimperis in 1934.

Radar killed the U-boats as surely as it killed the Luftwaffe. It enabled battleships to steam at full speed in thick fog and sight their enemy far down over the horizon. The Bismarck was but one of radar's many maritime victims. In a modern battleship there are two hundred places where radar functions.

On land, radar fired ack-ack guns with a precision no human gunner could ever achieve. It enabled a field gunner to observe his shell splash at a great distance and correct his aim. It solved the age-old military problem of "what lies on the other side of the hill."

After the fall of France some secrets of radar were betrayed to the Germans by French scientists who had earlier been invited to share them. In addition odd pieces of British radar equipment were captured, though the sets in aircraft automatically exploded in the event of their being shot down. From these scraps the Germans were able to develop a radar system of their own. One of their first stations was at Bruneval, on the French coast, facing Britain.

Watson-Watt scoffs at the legend that he asked permission to go over with a squad of Commandos and "inspect" it, pleading that if he fell into danger of capture one of the Commandos could shoot him so there would be no chance of losing secrets through torture.

But the Commandos went, taking with them an RAF technician, Flight-Sergeant C. W. Cox. An RAF corporal should have gone too. But at the last minute he lost his nerve so Cox had to do the job alone.

Cox had been schooled by Watson-Watt's assistants on exactly which components of German radar they were most interested in. He landed by parachute surrounded by one hundred and nineteen Commandos who shot their way into the German radar station.

While the parachutists held off German troops Cox calmly dismantled their radar as bullets were pinging into it, packed the bits he wanted and ran down to be taken off the beach.

He had been told how to escape to Spain if necessary. But it wasn't. He got back safely. The Boffins examined what he had brought. They then shrugged and said the Germans were still years behind British techniques.

Cox got one of the best-earned Military Medals of the war. He's an electrician in Cambridge today.

Today in Canada, Watson - Watt eschews personal research. His job is to examine the findings of younger men and expedite the industrial production of what is practical. But his influence will never deter exploration of the most fantastic possibilities.

"My creed as a scientific worker," he says, "rests on an almost religious conviction about the goodness of measured facts, that all facts are good: they may be facts about bad things, but if they are facts they are good and valuable."

He sits on the board of Canadian Aviation Electronics, a lusty young Montreal company now working behind locked doors to produce many of the instruments that will be required by the new radar net.

The president of this firm, whose scientific staff averages only thirty years of age, is Group Captain K. R. Patrick, a brilliant young World War Two aviator and reserve officer, and a friend of Watson-Watt since 1940.

Into a Place In History

Before long, at secret spots all across northern Canada, the radar crews will see the plump figure of Watson-Watt stepping out of aircraft and stomping around in inspection of "standing patrols" whose vision will extend for hundreds of miles around.

When technical matters have been discussed they will probably be surprised to hear him switch into mellow dissertation on some of his well-remembered views from the air . . . the sands of Morar with the sun setting over the Western Isles, the flame trees on the banks of the Nile, the white snowcaps of the Rockies under the January sun, and the honey and gold of the Parthenon in Athens.

Or he might get into his favorite discussion on the possibility that one day the electronic computor at the University of Toronto may be capable of writing a sonnet.

He rates himself modestly, this warm-hearted little Pickwickian with the coldly analytical capacities of an Einstein. "A sixth-rate mathematician, a second-rate physicist, a second-rate engineer, a bit of a meteorologist, something of a journalist, a plausible salesman of ideas, interested in politics, liking to believe there is some poetry in my physics and some physics in my poetry, thirty years a scientist and now a socialist in private enterprise."

But his place in history will be symbolized this fall when he attends, as usual, the annual thanksgiving service for the Battle of Britain in Westminster Abbey. Among all the surviving heroes of that great victory Sir Robert Alexander Watson-Watt, a civilian, occupies a place of honor. ★

Mary, Quite Contrary

Continued from page 8

toward Bland remained immobile, the bronze quality pronounced. "Am I to take it then, John, that this charming little excursion into zoology is your final answer?"

Bland brought his hands slapping down onto his heavy thighs. "You can take it, my dear, that even when you adopt this minatory feline tone, that I shall not permit you to jeopardize a splendid career by allowing you to force me into miscasting you in The Unconquered."

"Three newspapers have announced that I am to have the part. It will be humiliating to have to ask them to withdraw it."

"My dear Mary, it simply cannot touch you."

She picked up her coat. She was wrong, of course. But my sympathy was with her. Bland's pomposity—quite innocuous—left over from his professorial days was infuriating. Mary laughed soundlessly, bent over me and looked into my face. I caught a breath of musky flesh-warmed scent. I could not distinguish the color of her eyes in that light but they unquestionably did have that sleepy smoldering quality so eminently tigerish. "Don't you think, Mike, that John is much ass to torment a much tiger?"

"I do." And looking into her eyes I certainly did. Bland chuckled, roused himself. "Look, Mary, don't go yet. We—."

She pushed him back into his chair, her hand on his chest. "I've a dinner engagement. I can see myself out." At the door she gave a throaty little growl.

When she had gone Bland said: "You know I like Mary." He appeared quite unaware how deeply she felt about what seemed to her a humiliation and a threat to her precious career. And yet he had a reputation for subtle film interpretations.

THE TABLES at Sorbi's were crowded. It was stifling under the low ceiling. I decided not to stay; to have a drink at the bar and to eat elsewhere. As I made for the door someone called my name. At an unobtrusive table behind a square pillar I saw Mary. I had not seen her for several weeks. I went back.

"You know Jerry, don't you?"

Jerry Bland sat opposite her. He had an elfish good-natured face; pointed chin, wide mouth, sardonic eyebrows; his mousy, dry-looking hair was as tangled as a forkful of hay. He was flushed and fairly tight.

"What-ho, Mike," he said carefully. "Ingloriously sober, I see. Sit down and have a drink."

I refused; said I had still three hours' work to do.

"Well sit down for a minute at least," Mary said. Her eyes were shining. And not from the wine.

"Celebration?" I said.

"Jerry's finished his book."

"In the middle of chapter three. Discovered I can't write. We're celebrating literature's gain by the revelation."

Mary laughed. "Nonsense, Jerry."

I understood now why her eyes sparkled. To some women it is exciting to watch the disintegration of a young man. And more thrilling still to be its conscious cause. And all this was a gratuitous byproduct for Mary; the real victim was to be John Bland who had a deep but curiously timid affection for his son.

"You are looking radiant, Mary." I added maliciously: "And how is your—your little girl?"

She laughed in my face. "That's less than tactful, Mike. You know quite well that Jane is almost Jerry's age." (A wilful exaggeration.) "She's quite happy, I believe—as happy as the present young will allow themselves to be. She's Clara Hannett's secretary, and lives with her. I have to try to conceal her some way."

She laughed again. The deliberate placing of herself in a different generation, the emphasis on her age—it was all an audacious parade of strength. Jerry lacked her effrontery; moreover his flush was fading into a rather unhappy pallor.

"See a lot of Jane," he said. "Great friends."

"How nice."

He looked at me sharply, blinked several times, then relaxed again. He turned to Mary. "Tired of this place. Old folks' tea atmosphere about it. How about the One-two-one-two?" The One-two-one-two was the kind of place that makes a lot of money till the police become interested.

Mary returned my look steadily, smiling in her anguished way. "Of course, if you want to, Jerry."

He got to his feet abruptly. His face was a delicate shade of *eau de Nil*. "You'll have to excuse me." He left the table, crouching a little, bent-kneed, urgent.

"Congratulations, Mary. The softening-up process goes well."

"You're being cryptic, Mike. And, I suspect, stuffy."

"If it's stuffy to feel a bit sick seeing you trap a boy in order to hurt his father, then I'm stuffy."

"Go on. There's something charmingly *fin-de-siècle* and gaslit about it."

"Even using your own daughter—"

Her eyes smoldered. "Jane has

nothing to do with this." She recovered herself astonishingly quickly, smiling. "Jerry's twenty-six. He's been a soldier. You talk as though he were a schoolboy."

"Jerry's a sick boy and you are driving him deliberately into the gutter." (I was becoming more revival meeting every minute.)

I felt someone breathing on the back of my neck. Jerry was standing behind me, his lower lip jutting childishly.

"Sit down," I said.

"You . . ."

I half rose. I think he thought I was going to hit him. He swung his right fist at me. I slipped it easily, took him by the lapels and thrust him into his chair. A glass rolled off the table and broke. "Jerry!" Mary said sharply. "Jerry! Brawls in restaurants make ugly publicity."

Jerry dropped his hands. "Sorry, Mary. Sorry, darling."

Her reputation safeguarded Mary smiled her tortured smile. "You must humor Mike, Jerry. He's only being avuncular. You said something about moving on?"

"Time I pushed on too," I said. "Sorry, Jerry."

He looked up smiling amicably. "Forget it, Michael."

"*Goedendag, oom Mike*," he called after me halfway across the restaurant. In his present state it seemed exquisitely witty to him to call me uncle in Dutch. I heard them both laughing. I was sincere enough but I felt a humbug. Moralizing was not my cup of tea.

THREE or four days later I ran into Mary in Regent Street. "For your protégé's sake," she said, "you will be delighted to hear that I am going to the country for a week or two."

"The rake's progress has become automatic, I suppose. I take it you have provided him with suitable companions in your absence?" She pretended not to understand; but it was a designedly thin pretense. Her eyes were bright with malice; she *wanted* me to know I was right. She was an actress. She needed an audience.

"Mary," I said, "you're a —." It was a thoroughly gross army term and at the last second my pluck failed me and I could not use it to this beautiful woman. She leaned forward, whispered the exact expression in my ear and squeezed my arm affectionately. "You're a most endearing man, Mike," she said. I carried on to the bank to see about some French francs.

The night before I left for Paris I passed Jerry in Picadilly talking to a tall blond girl with a rococo hairdo and wearing a mock leopard-skin coat. He waved and said: "What-ho, Mike." Then to the girl, in a loud voice: "You wouldn't think a young fellow like that could be the suffragan bishop of Bampopo, would you?"

"Gosh, and you called him Mike," the girl said.

A COUPLE of weeks in Paris has the effect always of making me feel that the world is irrevocably falling apart but that it is really a most trifling matter anyway—I'm talking of a business trip not a wassail. But my insouciance invariably evaporates crossing the Channel; life appears stern and intrusive the moment I set foot on English soil. This time was no exception.

I dumped my luggage in my rooms and went out again. It was early evening. Everything looked unkempt and the air was grey and flat. I bought a paper and went into the little pub off Bishopsgate where they have the parrot that says "Curse you, Master Copperfield." I ordered a drink. The headline announced the end of the strike. The heading of the right-hand column read: "Girl unconscious in flat. Son of film director held."

I knew before I started reading that the man was Jerry; the blond girl I had seen him with had had the air of somebody fated sooner or later to be found unconscious somewhere.

A neighbor of Jerry's had smelt gas and called the police. They had found the girl in a grave condition, her head badly bruised, unconscious on the floor. The gas fire was on and unlit. Jerry they found asleep in the bathroom. There was an almost empty Calvados bottle and two used glasses in the sitting room.

The barman told me where the telephone was. Bland was not at home; Jerry's flat yielded nothing. The newspaper stated that the girl had been taken to the Lady Dorothy Hospital. It was not far from Bland's and I knew that he was acquainted with some of the staff; it was a possibility. I called the hospital and asked for Bland. They couldn't help me. I asked if Coatman, a doctor, a friend of Bland's, was there. When Coatman knew who I was he brought Bland to the telephone.

The cadence of Bland's voice was slower and more measured than usual. He was the sort of man adversity improved, hardening his rather pompous complacency into something like stoicism. He said the police were with the girl waiting to take a statement if she regained consciousness. They would not let Bland see her. The blow on the head was not so serious as they had first thought but she had absorbed a lot of gas. The doctors were optimistic. Jerry had refused to see Bland, refused to see anyone, refused to speak of the affair at all. He lay on his bunk in his cell with his eyes closed. Bland suspected that Jerry had no idea what had happened but was not prepared to admit it.

He had been at the hospital most of the day. I suggested that he did no good staying. He said they had hopes of the girl coming to fairly soon. I said there was always the telephone; Coatman or somebody could keep him posted. I think he consulted Coatman; then he said with a sort of weary relief: "I'll be over at my flat in ten minutes. If you have nothing better to do, Mike . . ?"

He was pacing the floor when I got to the flat. His eyes were red-rimmed and he looked exhausted but he kept on the move as though he felt that if he remained still despair might settle on him and paralyze him. I poured drinks for both of us; he drank his standing. I prompted him to talk as he thumped backwards and forwards across the room. Distracted as he was he spoke with an enviable lucidity—though he carried his empty glass in one hand and his cold pipe in the other as if he had forgotten they were there. He added nothing significant to what I already knew. "The girl will live," he said. "Coatman says they promise it. That's an enormous relief." He stood still for a moment, sagging, looking down at the carpet, twisting the pipe in his right hand. "But it's going to go pretty hard with Jerry in any case. Young man with too much money, living in idleness, drinking, vice—I can see what they could make of it."

He was like a man in an air raid, crushed by his inability to hit back. I decided to offer him a weapon—his own anger—and a target. I threw compunction overboard and said: "The responsibility for this rests squarely on Mary."

He was less surprised than I expected. He kept walking. "I know they have been together a lot recently and that they have gone the pace pretty well."

"*They* have not gone the pace. Jerry has done that for both. Mary is a miser; she hoards her beauty."

"But, Mike, do you think she would deliberately set out—?"

"She all but admitted it to me."

It was not working as I had hoped. I guessed why. He had suspected all along what I knew. He was arguing against himself as well as me. He waved his arms vaguely. "But to do that simply over The Unconquered business. It's—it's so disproportionate."

"Proportion's whatever you think it is. For Mary the fate of the whole human race wouldn't tip the scales against her career. And it's always fallen short of her aim. She feels dispossessed. It's made an anarchist of her, ruthless, a spiritual bomb-thrower." I was getting into my stride when I heard the handle of the outer door turn. I stopped. We heard the click of heels. Mary came in.

SHE LEANED against the door looking swiftly from one to the other of us. She would not have been Mary if she had not known at once that she had interrupted a discussion of which she was the subject. She was wearing a dark costume and light make-up; it enlarged her eyes and gave an unusual delicate air to her still face. "I came as soon as I heard about it," she said in a flat drab voice.

Bland was weary and embarrassed. He waved his arm in a wide almost drunken gesture for Mary to sit down. She crept mousily across the room and sat down with her knees together. It was an elegant performance. But she was an actress; only doing expertly what most of us do clumsily. No one spoke. A radio was switched on somewhere and a gay little tune tinkled on a piano frisked round the room. Bland started to pace self-consciously.

Mary said: "I can guess what Mike has been saying, John."

Bland did not answer. Typically, I thought. Mary's first consideration was not Bland or Jerry but extricating herself. I waited wearily to be denounced. "It's true," Mary said, "quite true."

Bland stood still looking at her. She stood up. "I felt so contemptibly helpless," she said. "And you were so complacent, so entrenched. I wanted to shake your complacency, to show my strength; to be more than just one of your marionettes."

Bland simply shook his head stupidly. Mary walked toward him. "But John, I couldn't foresee this, could I? Could I, John?"

"I was complacent," Bland said. "Yes, I was complacent."

Bland's admission seemed to stagger her—even more than hers had surprised me. She stared at him for a moment, turned quickly and returned to her chair. Got up again and walked to the window. Silently and quite immobile she stood looking out. In the light shining up from the street I could see the silvery track of a tear.

I almost leapt out of my chair: the telephone shrilled. Bland hesitated, picked up the receiver and said firmly: "Bland here." Mary half turned, her face away from me. I heard Bland's series of yeses and noes; deliberately I made no effort to interpret them. Finally Bland replaced the receiver and said: "It's my solicitors. They say they can probably get McLeod."

Mary said suddenly: "Is there nothing I can *do?* Surely there is something I can do."

Bland said timidly, as if apologizing for having no better activity to offer: "It would be nice if you'd make coffee, Mary."

She got up eagerly and went out. For the first time Bland sat down. He leaned back and closed his eyes.

We sat drinking coffee and waiting for the telephone to ring, Bland and I filling the room with tobacco smoke. I heard the radio program change twice before it was switched off—and we had not spoken fifty words. I think that we were afraid to talk, afraid that in some way talking would be tempting providence. As darkness fell it became rather cold. I switched on the electric fire. In the cherry glow Mary looked across at me and though she didn't in fact, I could see that she wanted to cry again. She was touched by what she took to be a little gentleness directed toward her. This rather pathetic response to a purely reflex action on my part for some reason depressed me. Confusedly I felt it as ominous and the conviction began to grow in me that the girl at the hospital was dead and that for some official reason Bland could not be informed. My uneasiness must have communicated itself to the others. Bland after sitting for more than an hour and a half got up and began to pace the room again, moving in and out of the steady glow from the electric fire. Then Mary stood up and said rather breathlessly: "Would you mind, John, if I went out for a breath of air for a minute?"

"Go with her, Mike," Bland said.

AGE GAUGE

He's young, like me —
Near forty-three.

—Leonard K. Schiff

I SLIPPED my raincoat over her shoulders. We ignored the lift. An elderly man passing us on the stairs mistook us for someone else and said: "Good night, Mrs. Linkman." Mary wished him good night and said to me: "I wish I were Mrs. Linkman, whoever, whatever she is."

On the first landing she caught my arm. "The telephone!"

We could just hear it. "Bland's?" I said. "Are you sure?"

She couldn't possibly have been sure. "Yes," she said.

We ran back up the stairs. I opened the door of the flat softly and heard Bland's voice. I closed the door again. "Let's stay out here until he's finished," I said. "I hate having anybody watch me when I'm telephoning."

Now and then we caught a faint monosyllable from Bland. Mary took my arm and leaned lightly on it. She whispered: "I've never really known you very well before, Mike." I pressed her arm. We stood there for what seemed a long time listening to the muffled murmur and to our own breathing; both of us, I think, feeling that a barrier we had perversely erected between ourselves was gone.

When the time came I was reluctant to go in. Mary opened the door. The room was still thick with tobacco smoke made rosy by the fire. Bland, a ponderous, drooping figure, leaned against the wall by the telephone, oddly with his arms folded. He stared at us vaguely without speaking. This is the finish, I thought. Then suddenly he said in a thoughtful voice: "She laughed. She actually laughed."

"Who laughed?" I said.

"Jerry's clear," he said.

Mary ran towards him shedding my raincoat. I picked it up as she embraced him on both cheeks like a French general.

He held Mary at arms' length smiling rather fatuously. "We must sit down and I must tell you about it," he said.

We sat down. A few spots of thundery rain spattered against the windows. He pressed his temples as if to organize his thought.

"Briefly. The girl is all right. She laughed when she was told why the police were there. The thing was accidental, purely."

Jerry had been in one of his desperate moods. He had wanted to set out and paint the town. The girl could see that he was heading for trouble so she suggested that they should go to his flat and get drunk instead.

Mary gave a little gurgling laugh. It occurred to me that I was not exactly an expert on women. I wouldn't have expected that girl to raise a finger to keep anybody out of trouble.

"Jerry—he's no stomach for drinking, you know—after a while went and shut himself up in the bathroom," Bland continued. "The girl felt cold. She went to try to light the gas fire. She was a little tipsy. She half turned it on, was overcome by dizziness, fell and cracked her head on something. Jerry, as she says, couldn't possibly have known anything about it." He smiled propitiatingly. "It's not so much a sordid little story as one of youthful folly."

"What about Jerry?" I said. "Does he know all this? What's being done about him?"

Bland twisted the stem of his pipe. "He fainted when they told him the girl was all right." He shook his head smiling rather sadly. "So he had of course to make up for that with a little bravado. When they told him he was free to leave he asked them if he might not stay the night as it was getting late and he rather liked the place. They let him. He comes out in the morning."

"He's a charming, foolish boy," Mary said.

I thought it was time I did a little belated justice to the girl. I said: "The girl doesn't come out of it at all badly. She could have made a frightful thing of it."

BLAND took out his pouch and began to stuff his pipe. "He was very lucky." He looked up from his pipe at Mary. "It was Jane."

I saw Mary stiffen. Bland said: "It's all right, Mary. Jane is all right. I have Coatman's assurance—."

"But John, John. The newspapers! The ruinous publicity! Did you tell Coatman that on no account, on no account whatsoever, must any reporter be allowed—." She saw the look on Bland's face and hesitated. Then her voice became hard: "Well, did you?"

Bland smiled his thin episcopal smile. "My dear Mary, you make me feel very guilty. In the excitement of learning that your daughter and my son were out of danger I quite inexplicably—quite inexcusably—forgot the cardinal consideration: your career."

"John, you're not speaking to a spotty undergraduate, you know."

Mary was at bay again; her face had taken on that hard perdurable quality I had so often seen there. Bland, leaning back in his chair, laboriously elaborated his pedantic—and harmless; perhaps the more stupid for that—sarcasms. And I, swiftly donning my cloak of righteousness, had scrambled back into the seat of judgment. The crisis had been over less than ten minutes and we couldn't get back quickly enough to our own little egos. The wheel had made a complete turn and we were all where we started from.

"John," I said. "Let's have a drink quick while we still have an excuse for celebrating." ★

London Letter

Continued from page 2

and cannot find any way in which a Guards battalion surrenders." Bravado? Yes. But it was magnificent.

Taking their own decision, he and his men fought their way out of Tobruk with terrible losses but the remnant reached the main British forces and reported for duty. Were there enough of them to make any difference? No. Is it not a fact that men were killed and maimed in this mad gamble against hopeless odds? It is certainly true. But the remnant that got through brought with them a legend that will live forever, or as long as there are regiments.

So this morning, in the presence of their colonel-in-chief, they trooped the Colour, which means that they dedicated themselves to the honor of the brigade. But beneath those scarlet tunics who are these youngsters? Welsh lads who have come from the valleys to try soldiering as a job; Scots who want to see London and foreign service; Cockneys who think that it's probably a bit of all right and want to show off to their girls in the park. Heroes? You'd better not say that aloud.

They grouch as all soldiers do. They have nicknames for their officers and blasphemy for their NCOs. Over and over again they ask each other what all this perishing spit and polish has to do with chasing Malayan terrorists or pushing the Chinese behind the thirty-eighth parallel. A British soldier who does not grouch would be a deeply disturbing phenomenon.

But even if they are not sure just what the Battle of Waterloo was about they remember how the grenadiers formed squares to meet the desperate attack of Napoleon's elite, the Old Guard. On came the French sending death and mutilation into the British ranks, without a single musket barking a reply. The British stood firm—were they not the crack regiment of the line? At last came the order to fire. Against that withering hail of bullets the brave French troops were stopped in their tracks. Then there was the command, "Up Guards and at 'em!" And, with a roar of fury and exaltation, the British swept forward. Napoleon saw it and said, "*C'est finis!*" and the cry went out, "*Sauve qui peut!*" Napoleon's Grand Army had become a rabble.

But surely all this talk of glory and discipline and *esprit de corps* is merely to exalt the vile thing called war and to bemuse young men into thinking there is something splendid in giving and taking life in battle. Is not war the supreme blasphemy of the human race? Is it not a denial of all that civilization means, and a denunciation of the brotherhood of man?

It is hard to answer those questions, just as it is hard not to feel that they speak the highest truth. But there is one thing worse than war—the weakness of a nation or group of nations which permits an aggressor to attain such superiority in men and arms that war becomes inevitable.

My son was twenty-one a few weeks ago, and in England coming of age is a great event in a family, no matter what its social or financial position may be. Clive asked if he could throw a party and gathered about forty girls and boys of his own generation.

With the exception of two or three who are first completing their university education the lads had all done their national service. In other words they had completed their two years' training in the Army, the Navy or the Air Force. Most of them had acquired

commissions in the process. Now they are civilians but at stated intervals they must take refresher courses and will be called to the colors at once if war breaks out.

They have not been brutalized by this training, rather have they been humanized. All had to begin in the ranks which meant that they mingled with young fellows from every walk in life. The miner's son slept in the same hut with the rich man's son and they learned to like and respect each other. The unfortunate divisions of school background that have done so much to keep class distinction alive in Britain have been narrowed by the democracy of service.

We have seen the repercussion in political life. The most powerful support Churchill has today is the Young Conservative movement. Their military service has taught them organization, responsibility, teamwork and a realization that the government of the country concerns them closely.

These boys have nothing in common with the jackbooted strutting idiots who followed Hitler as if he were the Pied Piper of Hamlin. In understanding they are older than their years, in outlook they are serious, but in spirit they are gay and confident. Some of them who were at Clive's party will go into the Brigade of Guards if war comes and will come under the influence of the tradition that I have described. Some will join the Navy, others the Commandos, and even more of them the Air Force. They have no hatred of the Russians or the Chinese. They have no wish or longing for war. But if it comes they will be ready instead of having to let others do the work while they train.

I know that in Canada there is a strong sectional feeling against national service and that it would be a political liability to any government that introduces it. For anyone like myself to criticize what Canadians do in Canada would be sheer presumption, and I shall not make that blunder. My purpose in this London Letter is merely to state objectively what is happening in Britain.

In spite of the alarums and excursions of Central Europe we do not believe that there will be an all-out war. It will demand the greatest restraint and judgment to prevent it—but those qualities have been developed in the harsh years that followed the fury of Hitler's war. In the Far East the situation worsens almost daily but we in London doubt that Stalin will encourage China to make a full-scale attack against the United Nations.

We cannot see the distant scene, but because the peaceful nations of the West have dared to look the truth in the face and have refused to weaken resolution with pious exhortations and smug self-righteousness the hounds of war may not be unleashed.

But if it comes the Guards will doff their bearskins and exchange their red coats for khaki once more, determined that the laurels of the brigade shall not wither in their hands. With memories of Arnhem the Commandos will leap to their task, and with the pride of the Battle of Britain on their wings the young cavalry of the air will ride into battle, while the Navy begins once more its historic sentry-go of the sea.

Their hope, their longing is for peace, but they believe that peace can only be maintained through strength. That is why we were deeply moved this morning when, to the music of the massed bands, the brigade slow-marched past the Queen, carrying the flag to which they were dedicating their courage, their loyalty and their extremely precious youth. ★

MAILBAG

THE HIGH COST OF BEING SICK

As the director of a family social agency I offer congratulations for the remarkably comprehensive and objective report by Sidney Katz on the problem of illness and its related costs. (The High Cost of Being Sick, June 15).

The editorial board is to be commended for presenting all aspects of this complicated problem in a courageous forthright manner. It is to be hoped that much misunderstanding and confusion will be rectified by this, and some constructive action undertaken at the earliest possible date to eliminate this major hazard to the security of thousands of Canadian families.—Deryck Thomson, London, Ont.

● I can assure you that we appreciate the interest of Maclean's in a problem which greatly concerns the medical profession and the people of Canada.—Dr. A. D. Kelly, Canadian Medical Association, Toronto.

● Have just finished reading The Hospitals and, this being election day in Saskatchewan, it shows me there is only one way to vote. I believe we have the best hospitalization plan in Canada and I wish for the sake of Canadians everywhere that an article be published showing the advantages of our scheme. People for the first time in years can at least afford to be sick.—M. L. Thompson, Smiley, Sask.

● Here, in one bundle, is the whole problem . . . It's a real step in journalism and I am sure you will receive considerable recognition.—David Crawley, Canadian Welfare Council, Ottawa.

● I believe: That we are being offered too many articles and stories about ill-health and disease; that the doctors' offices are being filled with people who read these articles and who think they have these ailments; that these articles are very hard on the relatives of hypochondriacs; that people should be health-minded and not sickness-minded, and should, in fact, find something else to talk about.—Henrietta Shaw, Kitchener, Ont.

● In Katz's somewhat biased article on The Doctors he has materially reduced The High Cost of Being Sick. It was achieved in my case by the outlay of fifteen cents—the price of the June 15 issue. If you are featuring an important subject why not have both sides of the question accurately and honestly portrayed?—Dr. H. G. Oborne, Calgary.

● I feel that the major, basic part of the whole problem is being missed. In my view, it is this: For at least fifty out of my seventy-one years I have noted the prevalence and the increasing intensity of "health education," which is really the inculcation of fear of illness. This teaching has undermined the natural power of resistance to disease in those who have been subjected to the incessant battering of health propagandists of all sorts.

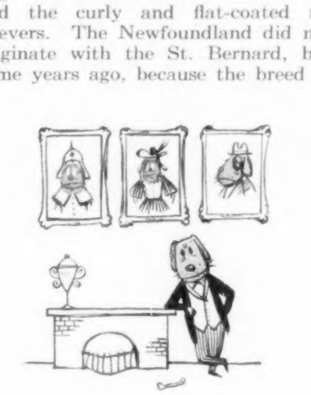
Get rid of the cowardice-propaganda, stop pasteurization, sterilization, inoculation and all the other damnations which are inflicted on our bodies and our foods, try to build up again our lost courage and resisting power. And build up the strength of the soil from which our foods come. Bring up the women to suckle their children and thus give the children a chance which no "formula" can assure.—A. J. Cameron, Victoria.

● A gold standard is the only remedy.—Ben Waters, Vancouver.

Best on Newfoundland

Congratulations to Ian Sclanders. North America's Oldest Boomtown (June 1) is the best article I've read about my native Newfoundland since leaving there ten years ago.—Mrs. Patricia Small, 2906 Estelle St., Seattle, Wash.

● I must take exception to the stated origin of the Newfoundland dog. This breed originated with the Spanish and French shepherds taking their cream-colored Pyrenees dogs with them when they settled in Newfoundland. These dogs were bred with the local Labrador and the curly and flat-coated retrievers. The Newfoundland did not originate with the St. Bernard, but some years ago, because the breed of



Newfoundland had become so inbred, permission was granted by the Kennel Club to cross the St. Bernard with the Newfoundland for the sake of bringing in new stamina and blood.—Mrs. Mercedes Gibson, Cowichan Station, B. C.

● Your story on St. John's was unusually accurate and interesting.—Malcolm Pelly, Milton, Newfoundland.

An Open-and-Shut Case

In the article, Victor of The Normandie (June 1, page 61): "There was a lean period from 1929 to 1936 when even the Normandie was closed."

Same page, ten paragraphs later: "The last visit in 1931 was entirely without warning and Victor had to ask the royal party of sixteen to wait while he fitted tables into a Normandie room that was already full."—F. E. Thomas, Lansing, Ont.

In 1931 there was a smaller room operating in lieu of the larger and more expensive Normandie Room which was closed.

WIT AND WISDOM

It Gets Around—The easiest way to lose your good name is to sew it on your umbrella.—*Sudbury (Ont.) Star.*

Paper Money—The profiteer cannot take it with him and if he did it would go up in smoke.—*Brandon (Man.) Sun.*

Going Places—Actually you can't get your head above the crowd without sticking your neck out. —*Vancouver Province.*

Political Polemics—"Um" in Esperanto means anything or nothing and yes or no. Some candidates might find this handy come election time.—*Victoria Daily Colonist.*

On Tap—"Is the procedure quite clear, ma'am?" the shipyard superintendent asked the woman who was about to christen her first ship.

"Not quite," she replied nervously. "Please tell me how hard I must hit it with this bottle to knock it into the water."—*London (Ont.) Economist.*

Dirty Skins, Too—Farmer Jones grumbled at everything. However, this year everything was fine, especially the potato crop. His neighbor wanted to see if he would grumble now. "Well, for once you must be pleased. Everyone is talking about your fine potatoes."

"They're pretty good," admitted Jones, "but where are the bad ones for the pigs?"—*Ontario Milk Producer, Toronto.*

Technicolored Too—Two revelers in a bar were discussing life. "I had the strangest dream last night," said one. "Suddenly there were about a thousand little men dancing on top of my body. They wore pink caps and green suits and red boots that curled up in the front."

"Yes," agreed the other, "and there was a tinkly bell at the toe of each boot."

"How do you know that?" asked the first.

"A couple of them are still sitting on your shoulder."—*Ottawa Journal.*

Warm Welcome—It was a rough crossing on the ferry and spray flew over the decks. The skipper called down the fo'c'sle: "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

Came a voice: "No. But there's a Macpherson willing to try."—*Golden (B.C.) Star.*

Warm-Blooded—Volunteering as a blood donor a pretty girl was asked by the nurse, "Do you know your type?"

"Oh, yes," came the confident reply. "I'm the sultry type."—*Calgary Albertan.*

After the Ark—A small boy went to Sunday school for the first time. The teacher told the class the story of the three Hebrew children, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. On his return, his mother asked what the lesson had been about.

"My shack, your shack and a bungalow," he replied.—*Vancouver Fisherman.*

"We haven't won any blue ribbons yet, but we'll keep right on trying."

AN ANNOUNCER broadcasting a baseball game from Victoria, B.C., said: "It's a long fly ball to centre field and it's going to hit high up on the fence. The centre fielder is back, he's under it, he's caught it and the batter is out." Listeners who knew the fence was twenty-five feet high couldn't figure out how the fielder caught the ball. Spectators could have given them the unlikely explanation. At the rear of centre field was a high platform for the scorekeeper. The centre fielder ran up the ladder and caught the ball twenty feet above the ground.

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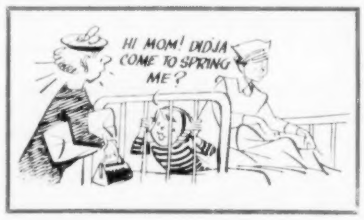
A Toronto woman set out to take a gift to her small daughter in the Isolation Hospital. At the address she had been given she asked the



uniformed attendant at the desk where her daughter was. "What's she in for?" was the answer.

"Scarlet fever," said the mother.

"Sorry," said the sergeant with a grin. "You want next door—this is the Don Jail."

• • •

When a Lethbridge theatre patron found his coat missing from the checkroom the manager noticed that another coat of similar design was still unclaimed. The only identification in the pocket of this second coat was a coupon from a street photographer. The manager mailed the coupon and received in return a photo of the coat's owner—the mayor of Lethbridge, who was still unaware that he was wearing someone else's coat.

• • •

At a tea for a Liberal MP an Ottawa woman noticed the guest of honor rummaging his pockets for a match. Helpfully she produced an old match folder from her purse and handed it to him. Too late she spotted on the back a campaign photo with the slogan, "Vote for George Drew."

• • •

When a B. C. woman found that the bag she'd bought in a Victoria nut store contained not nuts but ninety dollars in cash she returned the money, learned that a salesgirl had put the day's receipts in a nut bag and sold it by mistake.

A know-it-all messenger boy in a Windsor, Ont., office finally exasperated a steno from the Maritimes when he referred to Nova Scotia as New Brunswick and later New Zealand. She explained the three places weren't identical; so then he argued that there wasn't really much difference because after all they were just a group of three little islands out in the Atlantic. This prompted another geography lesson and, to cover his embarrassment, he asked, "Isn't there some poetry written about the Maritimes?"

"You mean Evangeline?" asked the steno.

"Oh, yes," nodded the messenger with renewed confidence. "I've heard that's where she does most of her writing."

• • •

A newly married American couple were on their way north for a fishing trip, their car loaded with luggage, including a United States Army blanket which was stacked up against a window.

The groom remarked to a Canadian friend, "I'm glad our wedding presents didn't include any of those towels marked His and Hers."

Nodding toward the car the Canadian retorted, "You don't seem to mind a blanket marked US."

• • •

Courting the attention of summer tourists, civic officials in a southern Ontario town scattered their WELCOME signs a bit lavishly. One was planted on the lawn of the local jail.

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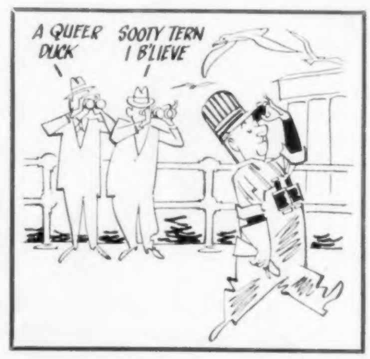
Two Toronto white-collar birdwatchers were spending their noon hour looking at lake-shore birds when they were joined by a man in greasy



overalls and a railwayman's cap. For half an hour the trio watched sandpipers and plovers. Then the stranger put down his expensive binoculars, said, "Gotta get back to work," walked to a nearby siding, climbed into a standing locomotive, a yard engine, waved his cap and steamed away.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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